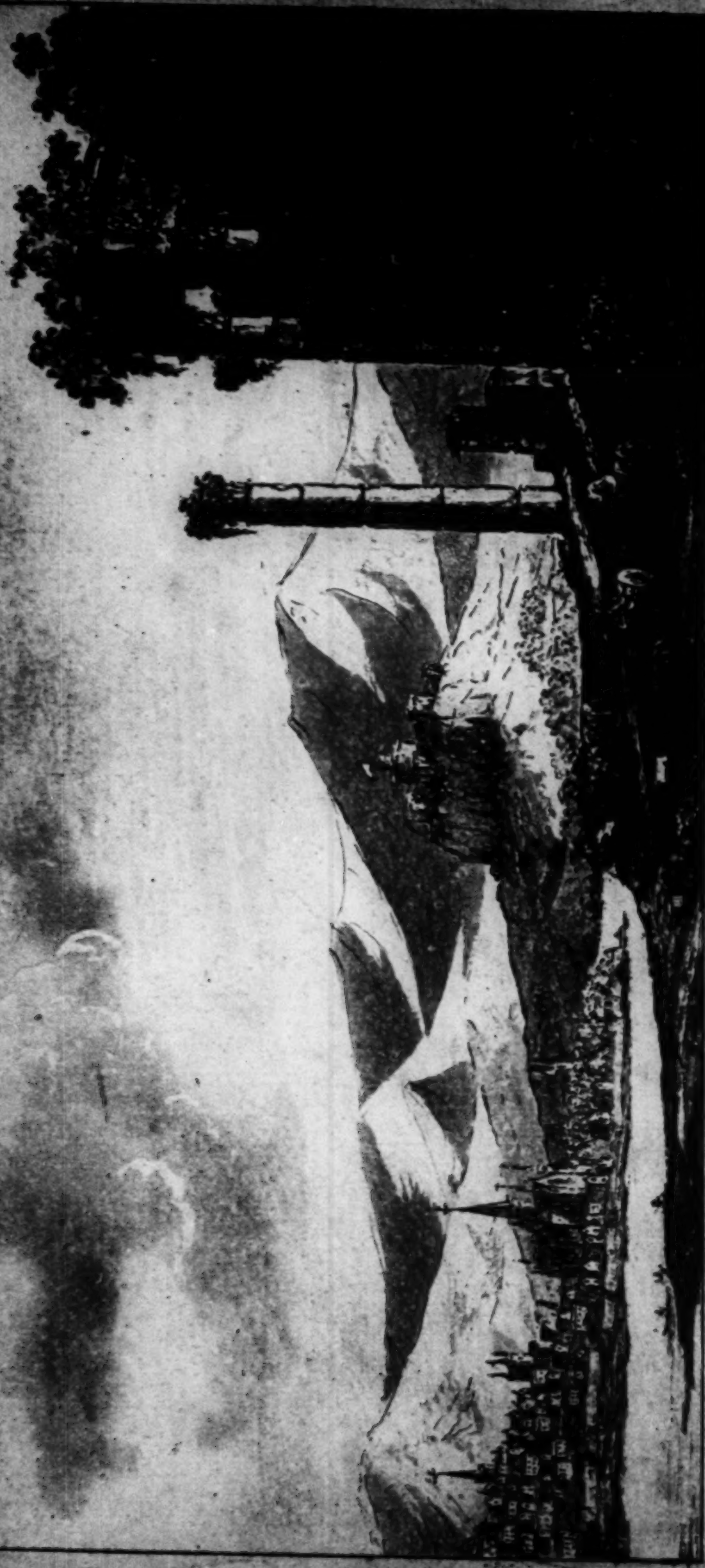


The ruins of the Ancient Roman City of AUGUSTÆ.
Published by T. Fowler, Covent Garden, May 1791.



The ruins of the Ancient Roman City of AUGUSTÆ.
Published by W. Fowler, Covent Garden, May 1791.

Fleurbaey (J. C.)

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A

PICTURESQUE DESCRIPTION

OF

SWITZERLAND,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

OF THE

MARQUIS DE LANGLE



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR DAVID FOWLER, BOOKSELLER, COVENT-
GARDEN; T. HOOKHAM, BOND-STREET; E. JEF-
FERIES, PALL-MALL; AND R. BALDWIN, PA-
TER-NOSTER-ROW.



A
PICTURESQUE DESCRIPTION
OF
SWITZERLAND,

BY THE
MARQUIS DE LANGLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

*"I have travelled several times over Switzerland, and
always on foot!"* P. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. CONNOR, NO. 4, WARDOUR-STREET,
NEAR OXFORD-STREET,
FOR DAVID FOWLER, BOOKSELLER, PIAZZA, COVENT-
GARDEN, T. HOOKHAM, BOND-STREET, E. JEF-
FERIES, PALL-MALL, AND R. BALDWIN,
PATER-NOSTER-ROW.



TO
JOHN MOORE,
OF THE INNER TEMPLE, Esq.
· WHO, TO AN INTIMATE ACQUAINTANCE
WITH THE FRENCH LANGUAGE,
AND AN EXTENSIVE KNOW-
LEGE OF FOREIGN AND
DOMESTIC LITERA-
TURE,
UNITES,
AN AMIABLE DISPOSITION, AND A HU-
MANE AND BENEVOLENT HEART;
THIS ENGLISH EDITION
OF THE
MARQUIS DE LANGLE'S
PICTURESQUE DESCRIPTION
OF
SWITZERLAND,
IS DEDICATED AND INSCRIBED,
BY THE
a 2 TRANSLATOR.

TO JOHN MOORE

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REPRESENTATION OF

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Marquis *de Langle*, is well known on the Continent by several Publications, which abound with wit and humour, and particularly by his Travels through Spain; a work, in which he was so severe upon the government of that kingdom, that complaint was made to the French Court, a few months before the late revolution, and his two little volumes were committed by the hangman of Paris to the flames!

This circumstance had a very different effect from what was intended by the then Minister, for a large edition was immediately printed by the
author

author in Holland, with this very event recorded in the title-page.

In this Picturesque Description of Switzerland, the author very justly employs his satire against every thing that appears in the shape of abuse in the government and police of that country ; but takes every opportunity to praise the ardent love of freedom, the spirit of resistance against oppression, and the sacred and holy ardor with which the Swiss in general seem to be attached to the liberties of their country.

In his description of the National Festival exhibited every year at Arth, *M. de Langle* undoubtedly had the Grand National Confederation, recently

cently celebrated at Paris, in his eye.

It surely is not unworthy of a free people to commemorate, in a species of Historical Drama, the memory of those great actions, which gave liberty to their ancestors, and left an example to their posterity; and it must excite the applause of every patriot Frenchman, when he recollects with what generous enthusiasm a great majority of the people of England have participated in that Revolution, which has united the interests of Commerce with the dearer ties of Liberty!

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ERRATA.

Page 6, line 3, for *lapses*, read *lapse*.

16, 2d line in the note, *and* belongs to the hospital of Berne, read, belongs to the hospital of Berne.

18, 1st l. in the note, *several vallies called*, read, *several vallies so called*.

22, l. 11 of the note, for *solstace*, read *solstice*.

24, l. 5, for *mystecal*, read *mystical*.

28, l. 1, for the *battles* of St. James, read, the *battle* of St. James.

28, l. 5, for *Epaminondæs*, read *Epaminondas*.

32, l. 12, for *lakes*, read, *take*.

45, l. 11, for *was* to enact, read, *were* to enact.

57, l. 1, of the note, for the *youths*, read, for the *youth*.

60, l. 3, for *Ziunglius*, read, *Zuinglius*; and for *Brillinger*, read, *Bullinger*.

108, l. 13, for carry away the *men*, read, carry away the *cattle*.

121, l. 4, for the very air *on* which, read, the very air which.

PICTURESQUE

A
PICTURESQUE DESCRIPTION
OF
SWITZERLAND.

CHAPTER I.

*Description of the Country from Saleure
to Liestal.*

LET it not surprise the Reader, if I should fly from one place to another, for I have rambled several times over Switzerland, and always on foot. My remarks were for the most part written without order and without connection: sometimes under the shade of a tree, and at other times by the side of a rivulet.—I was not then actuated by
B the

the wild and ambitious presumption of composing a work descriptive of that country. Every thing that occurred to my fugitive ideas and vagrant perambulations, is here briefly narrated: a Child may guess my meaning.

THE road from Saleure to Basil is at once terrific and poetical: to the right and left nothing is to be seen but rocks, precipices, caverns, and ancient castles, whose ruined moats, turretted battlements, and gothic windows, ornamented with lilacks and wild gilly-flowers, excite ideas of a particular kind. Some of these Castles are inhabited by Provincial Magistrates,* and

* THESE are called *Baillies*: they enforce the edicts of their respective districts; judge in civil and criminal cases, and receive the imposts. Their power is more or less, according to the states to which they belong; and they are accountable for their conduct at the end of six years, which is the period of their administration. *Trans.*

have

have been repaired, whitewashed, and rendered commodious.

You next pass through Langenbrouck, Valbourg and Auguste.

JULIUS CÆSAR speaks much of Auguste—once a Roman colony, and since that time a place of considerable importance in Switzerland. It is at present nothing more than a little, dirty, obscure village, composed of about twenty or thirty houses, all of which are not worth a single good one.

THE Church is converted into a barn; its walls are uncovered, its pews are filled with filth, and its pulpit, which is in ruins and ready to fall, occasions the most painful sensations to the eye of the traveller.

THE town of Auguste is nevertheless

B 2

proud

proud of containing some ancient ruins, a few fragments of Mosaic work, and two or three columns of the Corinthian order, decayed by age, mutilated by accident, lying on the ground, and almost hidden under the grass.

TIME does not respect any thing—the temples of the Gods, their statues, their pictures, all moulder away: Thebes and Carthage are no more; the Capital has fallen—the Bastile also—their very ruins shall be obliterated, and posterity shall pass along, nay, walk over, without perceiving them!

THE subterraneous apartments at Lieftal deserve notice. These vaults are so large and so high, that ten men in front may easily march through them with their heads erect. I have often traversed those dark abodes, and on such occasions I always experienced a certain degree

degree of horror mingled with pleasure. On issuing from this eternal night, when day has again greeted my longing eyes, I have thought of *Milton*, the celebrated English Poet, and with him have exclaimed, while enjoying the splendor around me, and saluting the reviving sunbeams :

“ Hail, holy light, offspring of Heav’n ! ”

THE Chronicles of this country assure us, that there was formerly in the neighbourhood of *Liestal*, a superb temple, consecrated to *Fortune*—or, as some say, to *Jupiter Olympus* ; some to *Minerva* and the *Sun* ; some to *Venus Genetrix* ; and some to the Eleusinian *Ceres*.

THE Historians cannot agree on this subject ; and such a variety of opinions does but little honor to the Antiquarians of Switzerland.

THE walls of this building are still in existence. It is astonishing, nay even humiliating, after the lapses of so many ages, that the cement of the Romans, that cement which has given to the buildings erected by them such a surprising strength and durability, should still remain a secret to us.

CHAPTER II.

Bubendorff, Basil and its environs.

THE Physicians extol the baths of Bubendorff: I myself think that these baths are salutary, when one receives pleasure from using them. Cheerfulness may be accounted a Physician, on account of its excellence: It may be termed the *efflorescence* of the mind; and is as necessary to it as the blossoms and leaves are to trees and plants. Cheerfulness is a species of cosmetic—of virgin-milk, which wards off the ravages of age, and which preserves to the features, the skin, and the complexion, an air of freshness and juvenility.

BASIL has been fortified. Its ramparts are decayed, and they still allow them to decay.—So much the better. Draw-

B 4

bridges,

bridges, bastions, * red coats, and fierce cocked hats, inspire the mind with a certain degree of melancholy, tighten the breast, obstruct the perspiration, and tint every idea that arises with the colour of blood. The heart contracts itself, and occupies less space, on entering a fortified place. I love to see ramparts nodding towards their fall—I love open cities—drawbridges and bastions always portend misfortunes.

THE Rhine runs through the middle of this place. It is at Basil that the Rhine becomes a river—becomes beautiful—becomes noble—and perhaps, even superior to its reputation.

IN the circumference of a terrible long mile, Basil contains no more than twelve thousand inhabitants—and yet it is termed

* Des habits courts, de grands bonnets---has been thus *familiarly* translated. *Trans.*

a Capital!

a Capital ! Its streets resemble a desert, and the grass with which they are incumbered is a disgrace to the people.

THE neighbourhood of this place is delightful in the summer, and more especially during the morning. It is in the morning that those scenes ought always to be visited ; it is in the morning alone that they can be enjoyed ; it is in the morning that nature is young—is fresh ;—I had almost said, is a Virgin ! At ten or eleven o'clock, at noon, the noise, the bustle, the rays of the sun, have already polluted her ; the flowers no longer emitting sweet odors, by this time begin to hang down their heads : *the youthful hours of the day are vanished.*

How few are the pleasures of life ! We murmur, complain, and do not enjoy even the little portion of them allotted to us. How delightful it is to contemplate the dawn of day ! How pleasant to enjoy

joy the sweet perfumes of the morning !
To rise early is productive of one of the
most exquisite sensations in life ; and
yet the Sun generally appears above the
horizon, without finding any one to ad-
mire his glory.

CHAPTER III.

The View from the Village of Wild—Tavernier.

BUT if in all the universe there is an enchanted spot—a spot in which nature most delights to sport, it is surely that in the midst of which Wild is erected. From this town, two miles distant from Basil, one may perceive every object in the universe that is worthy of admiration. From the windows of its little Church, you may, with a single glance of your eye, view Lorraine, Alsace, part of Switzerland, almost all the Marquisate of Baden, the Rhine, the Birs, the Birsfeck, vallies, hills, a number of villages; in fine a horizon so adorned and so immense, that the most warm and picturesque imagination, can never be
able

able to conceive such charming landscapes, or such a joyous perspective. What a pity that a gibbet, erected at about three thousand paces from the place where I stood, should have deformed this superb picture with its ghastly shadow!

“How proud I should be,” says *Cicero*, “how much glory should I not achieve, and how much my former associates would envy me, if the Gods were to decree, that my Consulship should become the epoch, when Rome was to see the crosses, the wheels, the pillory, and the other signals of execution, which disgrace our public places, disappear from within its walls!” What would the Roman Orator have said, if he had seen in the neighbourhood of Wild, a scaffold that stains and disfigures as it were, the richest and most ornamented spot on the whole surface of the globe?

SWITZERLAND

SWITZERLAND in general, may be termed the country of fine prospects. After having for twenty years inhabited the most delicious climates in Asia ;—after having inhaled all the perfumes of Timor, Aden and Surat ;—after having trampled under his feet, the turquoise, the emerald and the opal ;—after having been cloyed with the delicate fruits and exquisite spices of the Moluccas, of the island of Ceylon, and of Arabia the Happy ;—attracted and seduced by the recollection of the sweetness and variety of these scenes, *Tavernier* abandoned Persia, left the Indies, bid adieu to the Indus and the Ganges, and returned to end his days in Switzerland.*

* JOHN BAPTIST TAVERNIER was born in Paris, in the year, 1605. His father, who was a native of Antwerp, having settled in the capital of France, carried on a very extensive trade in Geographical Maps, and thus the natural inclination of the Son towards

towards travelling, was greatly augmented, and perhaps, at first excited by the daily conversation in his father's house, concerning whatever was curious or remarkable in foreign Countries. At the age of twenty-two, he had visited the finest kingdoms in Europe; England, Germany, Flanders, Switzerland, Poland, Hungary and Italy, were at that early period familiar to him. Instead of being satiated with enjoyment, his mind was rather impelled to more distant and more dangerous undertakings. He afterwards made no less than six journies into Turkey, Persia and the East Indies; and for the sake of variety pursued all the different routes at that time known. But the gratification of his curiosity was not the only motive by which *Tavernier* was impelled; he understood the value of jewels better than any man in that age, and trafficed in them to such a large amount, that he acquired an immense fortune; and having been ennobled by *Louis XIV.* he purchased the Barony of Aubonne, a little town in the *Pays de Vaud*, between Geneva and Lausanne, to which he retired. He there employed himself in dictating his travels--- for it is a memorable circumstance in the history of his life, that, notwithstanding his amazing facility at acquiring foreign languages, he had either entirely forgotten his own native tongue, or had never made any progress in it; he was therefore
forced

forced to employ several of his friends in drawing up his relations.

IN consequence of the derangement of his affairs, by the mismanagement of a Nephew, whom he had sent to the Levant with a cargo, the prime cost of which amounted to 2,22,000 French livres, *Tavernier*, towards the latter end of his life, found himself assailed with all the horrors of distress; and being obliged to sell his little lordship in Switzerland, undertook a seventh journey to the East in the year 1687. He accordingly set out and had travelled as far as Moscow, a city at that time the Capital of Russia, where he was arrested by the hand of Death, in the 84th year of his age. The *Marquis de Langle* is mistaken in asserting, that he died in Switzerland. *Trans.*

CHAPTER IV.

PICTURESQUE SCENES.

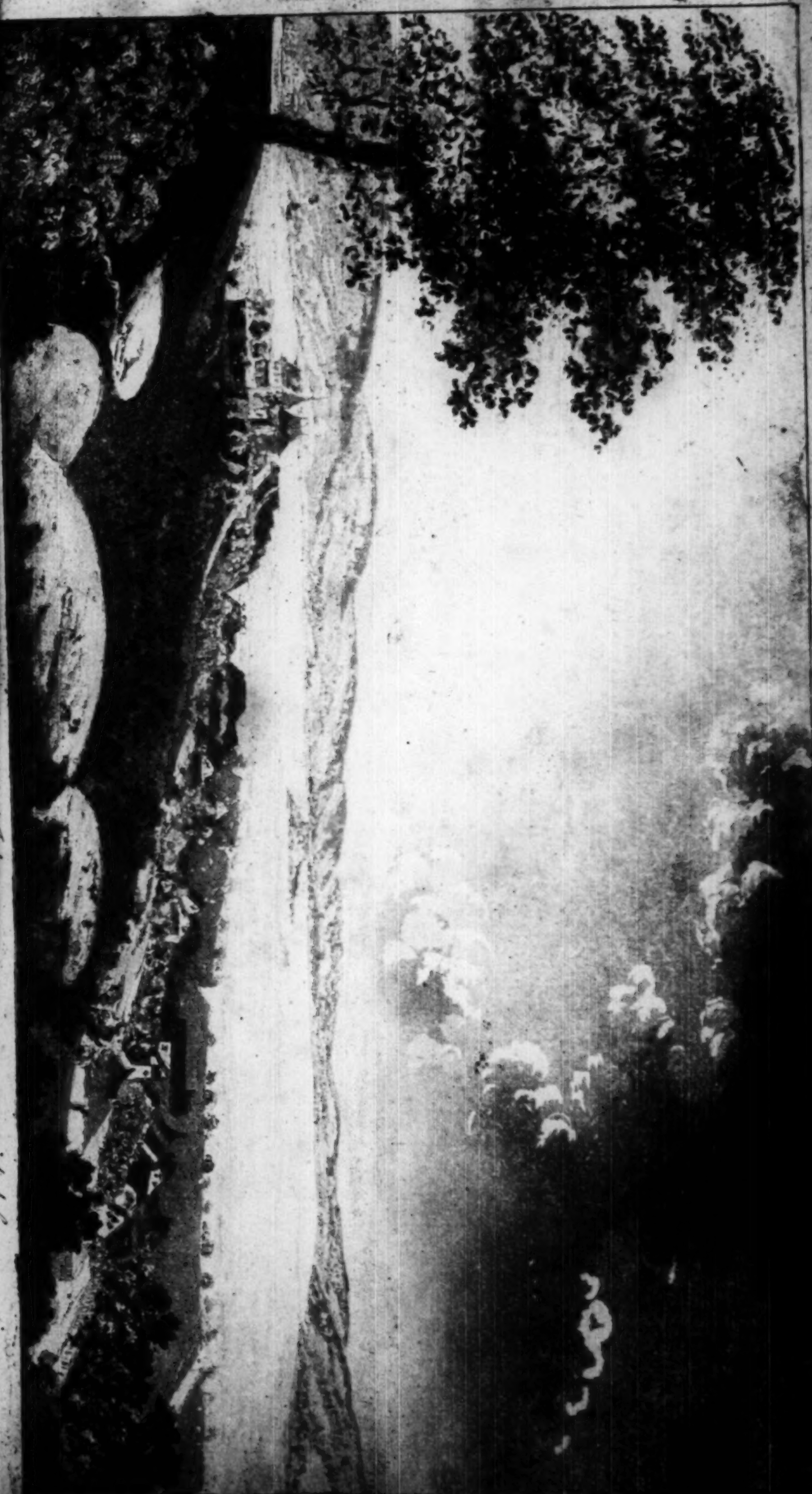
The Lake of Thun.

IT is the *Valais*—it is the *Pays de Vaud*, where one ought to ramble ;—it is to the summits of Gemmi, of Grimsel, of Turca, of St. Gothard, that one ought to ascend ;—or, if otherwise disposed, to loiter along the lakes of Sempach, of Thun, of Geneva, of Bienne.

No—I shall never forget the lake of Bienne. I was returning from the island of St. Peter*—I was on the road to Nidau

* This island, which is situated in the midst of Bienne, and belongs to the Hospital of Berne, and was the assylum of the querulous but amiable J. J. Rousseau, until he was banished from it, by the persecuting spirit of that Aristocratical Canton. T.

I had



The Lake of BIENNE in one of whose Islands ROUSSEAU resided for some time.

Published by H. Rowley, Great Britain May 1791.



—I had crossed this fine lake:—it was seven o'clock in the evening. The day had been scorching hot—the night was charming—the air refreshing—the Heaven serene:—there were neither wind nor clouds—it was a total calm;—the elements of air and water—all nature seemed inanimate. Every thing was in my favor. Every stroke of the oars inspired me with some new idea—some new pleasure—or recalled to my memory some new delight. I never had such a full and complete enjoyment of my existence—I never had so much occasion to pour out and to unbosom my mind—my imagination had nearly stifled me:—it scorched, it darted upon every thing, penetrated every thing, and embraced the whole creation. O! lake of Bienne, I hope once more to revisit you!

ARTIST! wherever you may be, go and sail upon the lake of Thun. The
C day

day that I first saw that charming lake, had nearly been my last. My soul seemed to wish for its escape ;—I was about to die from the pleasure arising from the excess of *sensibility and enjoyment*—I actually was on the point of fainting away. But as it happened to be the cool of the evening—the influence of the stars—the silence of nature—and the absence of day, restored me to myself, refreshed my blood—and thus the night, as it were, saved my life.

WE are in great want of a general map of Switzerland :—We are in great want of a topographical description of an original—of an universal country—of a country, that in the space of seventy-five leagues, unites all the features—all the situations—all the peculiarities—all the varieties, scattered up and down, from one pole to the other. Rocks, *glacieres*,*

* SEVERAL vallies called, from being covered over with ice. *Trans.*

torrents,

torrents, rivers, lakes, caverns—Nature, in all her forms, is to be found in Switzerland—and Switzerland, if one may hazard the expression, contains the whole world in miniature.

AND for whom is this superb and magic gallery designed?—For whom are these grand and sublime pictures of nature intended?—For whom this astonishing and rich creation?—For a cold, an insensible, phlegmatic people—for a people who do not feel for any thing, who do not imagine any thing, who never weep, and who are never affected—for a people incapable of lively emotions and strong passions—for a people who never were acquainted with the delirium, the enthusiasm of Poetry and of Painting, nor the transports, the delights, the agreeableness, the furies, the frantic and the fiery accents of an impassioned attachment.

WE shall, no doubt, wait a long time for this chart, which we so much stand in need of. Besides the difficulty of measuring a country intersected with chasms, mountains and defiles, whoever undertakes this task, will also have to subdue the suspicious temper of the natives.—The Swiss always look upon Draughtsmen and Surveyors, as so many spies in the pay of foreign countries. It has often happened that Painters and other travellers have been stopped in the midst of their labours, and have with great difficulty escaped from the punishment due to traitors.

CHAPTER VI.

Maupertius—St. Nicholas and his Coach.

AT Dornach the tomb of *Maupertius* is to be seen. This Philosopher removed to that place from Bale, for the change of air, and scarce had he arrived there but he fell dangerously ill. When he perceived his dissolution approaching, he ordered his attendants to carry him to the infirmary of the Capuchins at Dornach. The *Spirit of Grace*, no doubt on the watch for him, attended, observed and directed all his steps; for immediately forgetting the Poles and the Laplanders, and the Hyperborean regions and *Voltaire*, *Maupertius* confessed himself to a Priest, believed in God, loved God, and died with his head full of

of projects for eternity! Atheism also has its Cowards.*

THE

* **PETER LEWIS MAUPERTIUS**, an eminent Philosopher, was born in 1698. In his early youth he had a strong propensity to mathematics and to war; he indeed embraced the profession of arms; but having distinguished himself soon after by means of his great genius, he abandoned the military art, and devoted himself to the sciences. In 1736, he was placed by *Louis XIV.* at the head of the Academicians, who were sent into Swedish Lapland to determine the figure of the earth, and being always inclined to singularity, while observing the solstice at Torneo, in the province of Westrobothina, he fell in love under the polar circle, and actually composed verses in honor of his hyperborean mistress, amidst the frozen regions of the North.

On his return, the Prince Royal of Prussia, afterwards *Frederic the Great*, invited him to Berlin to be President and Director of the Academy there. He accordingly went, and that Monarch being at war with the Emperor, the Philosopher insisted on partaking the dangers of it along with this warlike Sovereign. His close and intimate connection with
Frederic,

THE Parish Church of Dornach would be charming, were it not for a ridiculous picture that disfigures it :—It is a painting of *St. Nicholas*, who is ascending to Heaven in a coach. We laugh at the story of *Alborac* or *Borac*,* who, according to the reveries of the Koran, carried *Mabomet* into the presence of the Almighty ; and what would a good Mussulman say at seeing *St. Nicholas* going the same road in his coach ? It is true indeed, that in every page of the prophetic books, there is much discourse of chariots and horses ;—we find that *Job*,

Frederic, occasioned certain suspicions against the orthodoxy of his faith. It was on a visit to the Bernoulis, the ornament of Switzerland, that he was seized with a malady that soon proved fatal.--- He died in July 1759. *Trans.*

† THIS is the name of an animal of such extraordinary swiftness, as to equal the lightning itself ; and on this *Mabomet* mounted, when he was conducted by the Angel *Gabriel* to Heaven. *Trans.*

Zacariab,

Zachariab, Habakuk, and the writers of the Chronicles, called Kings and Judges, are continually mentioning courfers and carriages; but these are always in a mystecal, metaphorical and enigmatic sense. This conclusion will not probably make in favor of the Painter; his picture, however, is not the less whimsical on that account, and more especially his carriage.

IN the Vestry are two heads, said to have been painted by *Salvator Rosa*:—the one seems to be a soul in Paradise, and the other, a soul that has had the misfortune of being damned. The first represents a woman crowned with roses, violets and acacia, which are intermixed with their respective foliages; while the ringlets of her hair, falling to the right and left, resemble those fillets with which the Greeks ornamented the heads of their divinities. The second is a man, who
opens

opens his mouth, makes a hideous grimace, and lolls out his tongue. These two heads are very fine; but without considering the intention of the Painter, all the world has mistaken the one for the Goddess *Flora*, and the other for a *Satyr*.

RUBENS has painted *Calumny*, in the Luxembourg gallery, under the form of a *Satyr*, who protrudes his tongue. The pictures of *Salvator Rosa* and of *Rubens*, are exactly the same, a few trifling circumstances excepted.

CHAPTER VI.

*Swiss-blood—the Nasen—the river Birs—
the battle of St. James.*

THE Spring is scarcely commenced before the inhabitants of Bale run to St. James's, to eat *Nasen**, and to drink of the wine of *Scherbkessel*. This wine is rough and harsh—but because it grows at St. James's—because it grows in that place where so many Swiss have signa-
lized themselves—have died, and are interred;—this horrid wine of *Scherbkessel*, which the people call *Swiss-blood*, appears to them infinitely superior to the vintage of Champagne and Burgundy, or the delicious wines of Greece and the Morea.

* A FISH so called, on account of its shape resembling the human nose.

THE

THE *Nafen* is an ugly fish, very common, full of prickles, as thick as one's thumb, and about the length of the middle finger; it is caught in the river *Birs* in the beginning of the spring.

THE *Birs* is an imperceptible river, if I may so call it. Its source is celebrated for a peculiarity, which occasions it to be the barometer of the inhabitants who live in the neighbourhood. When it is about to rain, the water which springs from out the bowels of the earth carries with it as it flows, slime and dirt: when the stream is clear and limpid, they are well assured of enjoying fine weather.

THE battles of *Salamine*, of *Platea*, and of *Marathon*—the exploits of *Marius*, his victory over *Jugurtha*, his wars against the *Cimbri* and *Teutones*—the overthrow of *Xerxes*, or the defeat of *Darius*, are less memorable, less extraordinary, than

the battles of St. *James*. But, because this battle was fought neither in Greece, nor at Argos, nor at Lesbos—because the Commander in Chief was not called *Alcibiades*, or *Epaminondæ*, or *Sertorius*, or *Pompey*, it is scarcely ever mentioned. What a melancholy truth, that the glory of Sages, of Conquerors, and of Kings, shall thus remain buried in dishonorable obscurity, without a single syllable being uttered either concerning their names or their country!

“TRAVELLER, go tell in Sparta, that we have died in obedience to her laws.” Such was the inscription over those slain at Thermopylæ. “Ye, Swiss, walk along the walls of Farnsberg, traverse the plains of Pratelen, cross the Birs, stop here, and see what glorious deeds patriotism can inspire!”—This ought to be the inscription on the Hospital of St. *James*. The Swiss have perpetuated the
memory

memory of a hundred events less memorable than this battle. In truth, the stranger who has seen, on the borders of the lake of Lucern, at Nefels, at Granson, and at Morat, a multitude of monuments erected to the national glory, is astonished to traverse the plain of St. *James*, without being able to perceive the least vestige of that memorable day.

NOTWITHSTANDING this forgetfulness, the battle of St. *James* is so famous in the history of this country, and it was followed some years afterwards by so great a revolution, that the most minute circumstances concerning it have become precious. Whoever wishes to make himself acquainted with these—whoever has curiosity enough to learn the situation of the ground, the route of the two armies, the number of the combatants, and their respective evolutions, ought to consult the history of *Baron d'Alt de Tisfenthal*.

CHAPTER VII.

Bravery of the Swifs—the Climate—a Tempest—a Fire.

IT is not only while fighting for their own liberties, and upon their native soil, that the Swifs have sacrificed their lives, lost their members, and lavished their blood.

If we consult the history of France, we shall find, that it was they alone who acquired the victories of *Cerisoles*, of *Moncontour*, and of *Dreux* ;—it was they who saved *Charles IX.* during the retreat to *Meaux* ;—it was they also who supported the Monarchy in those unhappy times, when it was menaced with destruction by internal convulsions. Their whole history does not furnish one single instance

instance of treason or cowardice. In Holland, in Italy, and during the contest for the succession, troops belonging to the same canton, and commanded by friends, by relations, and even by brothers, were seen attacking each other with such fury, as to banish every idea of collusion and deceit.

THE climate of Switzerland is mild, and but little subject to variations. It is more equal than that of France, and the seasons preserve their respective characteristics with much more uniformity. One never sees in that country those unnatural springs and summers—those thick mists—those *sombre* and cloudy days—and those untimely rains, so contrary to the regulations of the world, the common order of things, the combination of the elements, and the dispositions so infinitely sage of the Potent Dispenser of cold, of heat, of wind, of rain, and of fair weather.

OFTEN at the vernal equinox, during the month of March, the rose-bushes begin to push forth their leaves, the forests assume a livelier hue, the very butterflies expand their painted wings, and flutter about their beloved flowers.

THE heat would be unsupportable during the dog-days, if it were not generally allayed by means of showers, hails, tempests, and the North wind, which intercept and abate the fierceness of the rays of the Sun, and takes away from the atmosphere that burning warmth which enervates, oppresses and suffocates.

It is, perhaps, owing to this diversity, that the diseases incident to Summer are so seldom experienced in Switzerland, such as putrid fevers, tertians, &c. In fact, *Hippocrates*, in opposition to vulgar prejudices, predicts a more healthy year, if the Spring and Summer prove tempestuous.

pestuous.* *Hippocrates* was a judge of these matters.

HURRICANES are frequent, furious, and continue sometimes for two or three days and nights, during which not a single star appears above the horizon;—thick and black clouds cover the face of Heaven, and hide the fountain of light;—the sun-dials are entirely useless.

I STILL hear—I still see—I will now describe one of those hurricanes. I had coasted the lake of Lucerne—I was on the road to Maria-Einsideln;† an Easterly wind all of a sudden began to blow, while I was between Zug and Küssnacht. The rain poured down in torrents, and

* “ Si vere & æstate tempestive pluat.”

† Called, *Our Lady of the Hermits*, a pilgrimage no less famous for the prodigious concourse of strangers, than on account of the immense riches with which the temple is decorated.

pinned

pinned me, as it were to the earth ; the wind sometimes, however, carried me off my feet, prevented me from proceeding, formed an impenetrable barrier in my way, and actually obliged me to retrace my former footsteps. I yet feel the earth tremble beneath me, and seem to yield to the power of the elements :—I thought that the fate of the world was then to be decided ; and that Nature turning *suicide*, was about to annihilate herself.

“ ALL flowers are not of the colour of the rose or the violet ; nor do we inhabit a terrestrial Paradise.” I experienced this mortifying truth in the course of that day. I arrived very late at our *Lady of the Hermits*. I was scarce asleep, when piercing cries, intermixed with the noise of bells, awoke me at one o’clock in the morning. A village about 2000 yards distant from where I slept was on fire ; I rose and followed the croud.

From

From ten to twelve houses were already reduced to ashes. Corn, furniture, linen, cattle, every thing was consumed. A charming young woman, her head uncovered, her hair dishevelled, her bosom naked, and her cheeks bathed in tears, attempts to fly, falls into the fire, and is consumed! Another woman just escaped from the torments of child-birth, endeavours to save herself and her infant; she happily traverses the flames—she is actually out of all danger from the devouring fire, when a burning rafter being detached from the roof of a house, falls and crushes her to pieces! The crash of joints and of beams—the crackling of flames—the general affright—the tumult—the cries of more than three hundred wretches weeping, groaning, and running backwards and forwards, have made such a lasting impression on my mind, that I still fancy myself present at this conflagration, and have contracted
a certain

a certain degree of horror at the very idea of fire. Since that time, the sight of a burning coal, of a light, and even of a spark, intimidates and alarms me.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Rural Dance—Marriage—The manner in which the English Ladies dance.

MY eyes and my heart had both need of relief. During the whole day every thing had the appearance of fire ; I therefore to amuse myself, went to dance at a wedding in a country village. Nothing in the world can be more gay than those rural festivities—all the senses, all the hearts of the company are enraptured with mirth—are nothing but joy ;—one seems to have passed the ivory gates, to wander in Elysium, to be surrounded by the souls of the happy, and to think that eternity has commenced.

WE never marry in cities under such
auspicious

auspicious circumstances—Heaven and the constellations no longer shed their cheering influences upon our nuptials. Our feasts and entertainments are become dull and morose—Thanks to the art of our cooks, to the delicacy of our viands, our wines, our *liqueurs*, and to the libidinous activity and malignancy of our imaginations, we prattle and laugh ; but it is not the natural—it is not the real laugh ; the heart is not present at the banquet ; and our high breeding prevents our gaiety from ever trespassing beyond the bounds of a smile.

THE men in Switzerland, in general, are clumsy dancers, and exhibit a certain degree of melancholy in all their motions ; they are *leaden-beeled*, and have no ear. The women, on the contrary, dance with great vivacity, are quick in all their motions, light, lively, and always in the air ; it seems as if the earth
burnt

burnt their feet:—It is improper, however, that they should dance with down-cast eyes, without ever looking at their partners.

THIS modesty and reserve, so commendable at church, at table, or in any other assembly, ought to be entirely banished from the ball-room. Amorous looks, friendly squeezes of the hands, even *kisses* themselves animate a ball, render it more agreeable, and never give occasion for scandal:—the violin, the clarinet, the tambourine, and the flagelet, purify every thing.

THOSE who preside over this part of education, ought to command their pupils to smile at every step. There is nothing in the world more unnatural, than to see an Englishwoman put on a serious and sulky appearance amidst the
quick

quick turns of an *allemande* ; black and white, night and day, form less extravagant contrasts !

CHAPTER IX.

Generosity and Hospitality of the Swiss— their Hospitals.

THE Swiss are calumniated by those, who, on account of a few uncommon instances of parsimony, have not been ashamed to accuse the whole nation of a sordid avarice ; of taking an usurious interest on money lent on pledges ; and of making use of every unjustifiable means of procuring wealth. No nation is in general, more generous and hospitable than they are. There are a great number of charitable asylums to be found in every part of Switzerland ; a prodigious multitude of alms-houses for the maintenance of the aged ; many foundations for the accommodation of the unfortunate, and more especially for the reception of pregnant women.

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The external appearance of the hospital of Berne, seems to announce the palace of a Sovereign. This magnificence is perhaps reprehensible, more especially in a Republic. What is wanting for the sick? Convenience, cleanliness, salubrity—nothing more. The hospital of Berne reunites all these advantages. The most generous humanity, and the strictest regularity preside over the administration of this charity. The greatest care and attention is paid to the patient; everyone has a bed to himself; every bed has proper curtains and a couple of mattresses; and no smell, either good or bad, is perceptible in the apartments.

WHEN one walks along the wards, they seem, even during the severest frost, to be as airy as the street. I have always wished that the duties of this hospital were performed by means of women.

women. I despair of the cure of the sick when they are not committed to their charge. A man appears awkward at making a bed, at preparing a soup, or at presenting a basin of water-gruel. The other sex is always more proper than ours to tend and nurse the afflicted, and more ready and eager to anticipate their wants. Mild and humane, in the government of an infirmary, they discover the most vigilant attention, the most fascinating care, and the *minutiæ* of order and of neatness, so necessary for their proper organisation and character, all of which are inspired by the sensibility of their own hearts, rather than the operation of any rules whatever.

THE wing destined for the reception of lunatics, affords a sight at once melancholy and diverting. It is the same every where else as among ourselves. One of these unfortunate wretches fancies

himself to be *God the Father* ; another calls himself the *Holy Ghost* ; a third imagines, that he once was General of the order of Capuchin Friars, that he died, was restored to life, and has since been by turns, a war-horse and a woodcock !

THE hospital of Basil, claims a reputation, which it is far from deserving ; the Directors of it are accused of robbery and mismanagement. To the disgrace of the human heart, it may be fairly asserted, that there is nothing sacred from its rapacity ; indigence itself is pillaged, and it commits its depredations within even these assylums. It condescends to pilfer rags, it tithes soup, it diminisheth bandages, it lessens the dimensions of a trucklebed, and even *cribs* from the nails that are destined for a coffin !

I know

I know not whether I now assert it for the first time, or whether I make use of a repetition; but it is not of any consequence:—One cannot too often repeat how base those Stewards are, who are guilty of mal-practices in the administration of public charities. The Criminal Code pays them a compliment, by supposing them innocent; or rather, it is entirely silent concerning them;—but if morality was to enact laws, these *two-legged gibbets* and their satellites—these nefarious administrators would all be hanged—*ipso facto*.

One is astonished, above all things, that those petty-larceny tricks, which demonstrate the baseness of the heart of man infinitely more than great vices, should not occasion the least surprise. Dare I to utter it—For the good of the human species is it not to be wished, that great crimes were more common, and paultry misdemeanours more rare?

THE

THE Hospital of Fribourg, founded in the middle of the fifteenth century by the Magistrates *Gambach* and *Meyer*, augmented since that period by the respective donations of the Counsellors *Enlirberg*, *Kemmerling* and *Pitbon*, possesses considerable revenues. The building is nevertheless too small by half; the sick complain of bad attendance and bad victuals. One third of the aged and infirm sleep on the ground during the rigors of winter—are in want of fire, and never drink any thing but water:—It is wine alone that can reanimate and enliven these unfortunates.

WINE is the constant friend of old men. It *composes* them—it *rocks* them, as it were, to death—and generally obtains them a few years of respite from its fangs. In refusing a little drop of wine to these miserable people, it seems, that they absolutely wish them to die; and
that

that they would actually kill them if they durst. The Physician of this last hospital is almost in his dotage ; and as to the Surgeon, he is a common Barber !

THIS class of men, so useful, so dangerous, and whose frequent mistakes, are productive of so many bad consequences ;—this class of men, whose abilities ought to be subjected to such a scrupulous enquiry, never undergo any examination in Switzerland. There, whoever pleases, may bleed, purge, trepan ;—there any one may vend drugs, or compound medicines, receive patents of assassination, and brevets of homicide !

At what other period than the present, in which one is the dupe of quacks and imposters of so many different species, has health, the first of all blessings, more need to be defended against
the

the murderous attacks of Pharmaceutic ignorance, and medical presumption?

Dr. *Gregory*,* an English Physician, has published two treatises on the original sources, from which all our fundamental knowledge, concerning medicine, ought to be drawn.

THE young men in this country, who are intended to practice the healing art, ought to study and meditate on these books, and follow the excellent advice offered them by this gentleman. One of these treatises is entitled, “Lectures on the duties and qualifications of a Physician;” and the other, “Observations on the character and conduct of a Physician.”—These works are translated into

* THIS Gentleman, an eminent Scot's Physician, who resided at Edinburgh, and distinguished himself by his literary and medical abilities, died some years since.

the

the French language, and may be found every where.

M. Tissot has written on the same subject ; but unfortunately his work is circumscribed in its design, as it contains nothing but general principles and vague observations.

THE Burial-ground is immediately before the gate of the hospital of Zurich. What a dreadful thought, that a man, consuming under the heat of a burning fever, or covered with wounds, cannot enter this place, without being shocked at the horrible sight of that earth, which is about to enclose him ; and of the human bones, that are strewed every where around ! While reclining on his bed, he, as it were, touches his tomb ; and the frightful idea of death ferments his blood, encreases his disorder,

der, and necessarily cuts short his existence !

St. *Bernard* thought that Monasteries ought to be always built in marshy and unhealthy situations ; so that the religious being generally afflicted with disease, would then have death perpetually before their eyes, and thus be always occupied about eternity. Were not the founders of the hospital of Zurich of the same opinion with St. *Bernard* ?

SINCE mankind, abjuring the state of nature, have united together, there never has existed, in any part of the globe, a more respectable establishment than that of the Society of EMULATION and COMPASSION at Basil. No where do they better observe, or exercise

cise with more boundless charity, that delicate regard and tendernefs, fo neceffary to be exerted towards thofe bashful poor, who are afhamed to difclofe their wants.

ALL the members who compofe this amiable confraternity, are citizens diftinguifhed by their humanity, by the purity of their manners, and by never having incurred the cenfure of the public. Genteel families, who have fallen into indigence ;—young women, whom misfortunes might lead to difhonor ;—the fhopkeeper—the mechanic, burthened with a numerous family of children ;—widows—orphans—and more particularly the inhabitants of the adjoining country, are the objects of their paternal follicitude :—It is from thence that the appearance of mifery never

shocks the eyes of a stranger within the canton of Basil.

IF the traveller does not like the Poets in their flowery and romantic descriptions,—hear the pipe of the shepherd, the song of the labourer, and the laughter of the shepherdes;—if he does not perceive *Pan* at a distance crowned with flowers, with a reed in his mouth;—if he does not see Fauns, Sylvans, groves, bowers, rivulets;—if he has not constantly before his eyes, landscapes animated by games, by dances, and by songs, he does not, however, see here as in the heart of France, the most hideous rags, and the most disgusting *nakedness*;—he is not pursued along the road by skeletons in want of food, and by a crowd of little unhappy wretches, who tell him of the number

ber

ber of their brothers and sisters exposed to famine, and of their sick mother dying in bed!

CHAPTER X.

*Zurich—the Inhabitants are well clothed,
and eat Flesh!*

IN the list of those Cantons, in which abundance is visible, that of Zurich ought not to be forgotten. The clothes of the poorest of the people there, are undisfigured with either holes or stains ;—they possess good stockings, shoes and linen. I have traversed this canton several times—I have frequently seen the shirts and shifts hung out to dry ; of thirty, I have scarce perceived three to have a single rent in them.

THERE is not a town there, how-
ever

ever small it may be, where there is not a flesh-market. An ox, bleeding under the knife of a butcher, seems to lose all its horrors in a village.

A PEASANT eat beef! What a theme for bitter reflections to the inhabitants of cities, who but too frequently cannot procure flesh!

The houses do not correspond with the neatness, and with the rural luxury of their vestments. The furniture and utensils of cookery—the instruments of labor—the vessels of wood and of earthenware, are far from being numerous. The generality of the towns and villages are ill built—the houses are constructed of wood, and the roofs being badly covered, scarce exclude the burning rays of the Sun,

the rigors of cold, and the inconveniences of wind and of rain;—almost the whole of them are without doors: the inhabitants enter at a window!

CHAPTER XI.

The Swifs have degenerated—they are fond of smoking and drinking.

TO those few who have resided for any considerable time in Switzerland, it is quickly perceptible, how much the Republican spirit of its inhabitants has universally degenerated. The Athenians, the Romans, the Spartans, spent their time in public places—they listened to the orators of their country—they attended the Senate, they frequented the *Campus Martius**—or served with the armies and fleets, by sea or by land;—but the Republicans of

* THE place where the youths performed their military exercises.

Berne,

Berne, &c. who prefer tobacco to politics, nine-pins to orations, and the bottle to news, spend their lives in an ale-house, where they smoke, drink, play, and gaze at the travellers who pass by. The women are entirely banished from these clubs, or assemblies. A Society without Women! There is nothing there but wine, brandy and other spiritous liquors, calculated to chase away care;—but the remedy is worse than the disease.

It is especially in the little Cantons that this custom is the most observable. The two sexes have there almost become utter strangers, and entirely unacquainted with each other. If the husband speaks to his spouse five or six times in the course of a year, it is the most that is expected. The women there, live like so many Queen-bees——they vegetate among

mong themselves, and have not as yet contrived how to sign and write *billet-doux*! One day at Zug, I entered one of their houses, but did not see a single man, except my conductor; fifteen or twenty women, were prattling, and playing together; I thought at first that all the men were concealed in consequence of a wager.

CHAPTER XII.

The Protestant Cantons.

THE inhabitants of one half of Switzerland professes the Protestant Religion. It is *Ziungluis*, *Æcolompaduis*, *Bucer* and *Brilinger*, who may be reckoned the authors of the Reformation in Switzerland; it was they who first dared to deny the infallibility of the Pope—to brave his anathemas—his keys, and his triple crown! The desire of shaking off the yoke of the Roman Pontiff, inflamed every bosom. Bern, Zurich, and Basil, embraced the opinions of *Calvin*, concerning *Grace*, *Free-will*, and *Predestination*; and without respect for holy imposture, in a moment

ment the altars were demolished, the crosses, the chalices, the images were trampled upon; the missals were torn in pieces; the plaister-saints were reduced to powder, and the wooden ones given to the poor people to light their fires with!

It was about this period that the Protestant Cantons, by an edict, prohibited every one from saying any thing of God, either good, bad or indifferent; and it was in the midst of these troubles occasioned by the fury of the Reformers, that the inhabitants of Basil precipitated the Legate of Pope *John XXII.* from the top of a terrace!

THOSE times are no more! Europe has assumed a new appearance;—Fana-
ticism no longer occasions the death of any one!

I PREFER

I PREFER this terrace to all the terraces—to all the walks with which I am acquainted—because it is planted with elms—because it is situated upon an eminence, and more especially, because it is astonishing how much it resembles *Motte-à-Madame*, at Rennes, where I used to divert myself in my youth.

THERE is a powerful charm attached to the place of one's nativity—a hidden magic—something inexpressibly affecting, which no other situation can inspire, and which no language can describe. Where are the diversions of my infancy? Where are those days so full of pleasure, so replete with joy—without foresight, without affliction? Where are my first, my best, my only friends? Where is my little sweet-heart, and the cockade which she used to pin every Sunday to my hat?

O MY

O, MY native soil! O, the ancient gardens of my father! Charming scene—walks planted at my birth—trees of the same age with myself—shall I never see you more? Ye chestnuts that adorned the court-yard, I have heard that you were to be cut down:—Have they dared to lift up the impious axe against you?

ALTHOUGH the Reformed is the national and prevailing religion in the Protestant Cantons, yet all sects are tolerated—all communions admitted—all kinds of worship are allowed. At Berne, at Zurich, at Neuchatêl, there are a great number of Papists, of Anabaptists, and Moravians. The Preadamites also have made great progress there, and have already acquired a number of proselytes. They boldly affirm, that the world has existed from all eternity;—that warmth, cold, dry
and

and wet, have never been confounded; and that the words *chaos*, *matter*, &c. are only poetical terms for day and night.

ALTHOUGH the government of Switzerland allows to all sects the liberty of thinking, of praying, and of worshipping God, after their own particular fancy, yet the Catholics have not any churches in the Protestant Cantons. Besides, that the enigmatical and mysterious foundation of the Roman faith has always appeared to them to be whimsical, and beyond the reach of human belief, the Priests and Monks have been the cause and the support of most of the insurrections in Switzerland;—the remembrance of their rapacity, of their lust, of their depraved manners, is still so fresh, and as it were, yet *bleeding* in their memory;—in fine, crimes of every species have
so

so often profaned the sanctuary, and sullied the Priesthood in this country, that the Reformed still continue to regard the Roman faith as a rotten branch of christianity!

CHAPTER XIII.

Death—Annihilation—Resurrection.

MONTAIGNE, whom we may look upon as the author who has spoken most *mer- rily* of death, and who often says with his ordinary frankness and gaiety, that, “*could he choose, he would much rather prefer to meet death on horse-back than in his bed, that he might avoid the blubber- ing retinue that surrounds the dying,*” ought to have inhabited and dwelled in Switzerland. There, they have no Clergymen who menace the expiring patient with *Hell-flames*;—no Monks, who make death a hideous affair, and paint the Avenging Angel in black and melancholy colours! The Protestants, sustained

sustained by their confidence in a God full of bounties, die conversing and smiling with their family. No where are those languishing on a sick bed, so composed and so serene. One may almost exclaim, "*Vive la mort!*" in these Protestant countries!

It is the strong belief of a resurrection—it is the certainty of being more happy—it is the solacing idea that their friends and relations are still in existence, and that they shall enjoy hereafter the pleasure of their intercourse and society, that softens the horrors of death among these people—that enables them to look it in the face without trembling, and without growing pale, and makes them play, as it were, with it, in the same manner as the peasants of Bohemia and the Tyrol sport with serpents, notwithstanding their enormous thickness, their

frightful hiss, and their flame-coloured eyes.

SERPENTS—Lions—even Tigers, are less furious, less cruel, than is generally imagined. Their passions are excited by trembling and flying before them. It is with tigers, with lyons and other wild beasts, as with the Great:—they are formidable, because we run away from them, or fall on our knees before them—let us advance—approach—confront them!

THE future is a secret known only to God. I know not, nor do I wish to know the lot which Heaven has destined me to receive. It matters not:—I wish to revive. I abhor—I reject with horror, the frightful *dogma* of annihilation.

Reflection!

RESURRECTION!—Resurrection!—The word refreshes my blood;—ever since I have been capable of thinking, I have cherished this hope, and I feel myself delivered from a dread that would otherwise overwhelm me.

WHAT, if the regions of infinite space—What, if all above, and all below the stars should be uninhabited and solitary! What, if the spheres themselves should revolve in an immense void! Let us banish from our minds this cruel and disconsolate idea. No—No—Resurrection belongs to our nature:—once created, non-existence, hath lost its empire, and hath no more power over us!

YE unfortunate among mankind—all ye who suffer affliction, have but a little patience: a new order of things will soon open to your wandering senses;—you will

will soon be happy: the rich in their turn shall grow pale, be disfigured, bereft of an assylum, be over-burthened with children, and their only vestment shall be, the rags about their loins!

CHAPTER XIV.

Soldiers—Drill Serjeants—Military Evolutions—The Power of Brandy.

BESIDES the regiments which the Swiss furnish to Holland, to Sardinia, to France, and to the King of Naples, &c. every Canton has always a little standing army of regular troops, and every city its own proper garrison. These national forces, badly paid, badly clothed, badly fed, and discontented with their situation, are reviewed five or six times every year, and are fatigued with continual exercise. My blood runs cold when in Switzerland and elsewhere, I see a rascal of a serjeant or a corporal with a cane in his hand, wheeling his fellow creatures

creatures *to the right and left*, and with a kick of his foot, setting straight the unfortunate *breech* that nature has intended to project outwards.

I MAY do wrong ; but without wishing to calumniate the present mode of military discipline—without despising glory—without saying a word against the utility of *tactics*, of military evolutions, of the regulations of Ministers of State, and of the ideas of Generals, who are little better than drill sergeants ; it is well known that the unnecessary motions of the firelock—the marches and counter-marches, and turning like a *whirligig*, either on one leg or on two, are not wanting towards the gaining of a battle, the cutting off of a convoy, or the capture of a city. Courage, and the art of despising death are not learned on the parade, or in the camp, but in the field of battle, in the face of the enemy,
amidst

amidst the noise of cymbals, and the stimulating *effluvia* of powder and of blood, of dust and of brandy !

PRESSED to give orders for attacking the enemy, “ I expect the fottlers here presently with the brandy,” replies the Duke of *Marlborough*. “ Wine is the soul of a soldier,” says *Montauciel* ; the Critics may laugh at this, but the Philosopher, after profound meditation, is forced to allow that *Montauciel* is in the right ; for notwithstanding it may be but little flattering to human vanity, this saying seems to have been inspired by the God of War. Why then should it excite a laugh ?

CHAPTER XV.

Hermits, &c.—Hermitages.

IN the Catholic cantons, the Hermitages are very interesting: that of Madeleine, in the canton of Fribourg, is worthy of inspection. The church, the belfry, the vestry, the cellar, and the refectory, are entirely dug out of the solid rock; the windows are large and elegant, the fides are formed with prodigious art, and the roofs of the apartments are cut with uncommon nicety. One man has done all this—a single man has constructed the whole hermitage;—he died while yet young, the dupe and martyr

martyr of watchings, of mortifications,
of flagellations, and of similar virtues.

* * * * *

THE real Hermit eats grass only, which he searches for in some contiguous pasture ; and on fast days he eats less than ordinary. I am in doubt whether the fervor of the first ages of Christianity, was ever able to devise so severe a regimen, or, if you please, so ridiculous a one !

ABOUT two leagues from Madelaine, there is another hermitage, built on the declivity of a hill ; a number of roads lead to it. These roads are easy, difficult, dangerous, mountainous, agreeable, variegated—in fine, they exactly resemble human life. The Hermit sleeps in his tomb, and spends his life in praying,

in weeping, and in chaunting hymns and
holy songs ; * * * * *

Children always sing when they are
afraid !

CHAPTER XVI.

Manufactures of Switzerland—The Inhabitants detest Agriculture.

THE Swiss carry on such an immense trade in printed calicoes and ribbands, that they may be said to furnish half the world with top-knots, beaus, cloaks and petticoats. Sully, the minister of Henry IV. looked on those men as fools, who pretended to an uncommon share of intrepidity, by having doubled the Cape of Good Hope;—Sully, who assigned to manufactures the last rank in political œconomy,—who preferred the most common fruit and pulse to all the scarce and costly productions that the Indies could boast of, has advised

the Swiss to abandon their looms, and betake themselves to the plough. For want of labourers one half of their country remains uncultivated; they, however, despise the earth, disdain its productions, and think that agriculture would dishonor them!

FROM thence proceeds the necessity of importing, at a great expence, from the Milanese, from France, from Alsace, from the circle of Swabia, and the marquisate of Baden, corn, eatables, and provisions of all kinds, which the delicate hands of the inhabitants disdain to procure for themselves.

FROM thence proceed those heathis, which seem to have no end—from thence those putrid and extensive marshes (among others, that of Anet, in the canton of Berne) which, by means of their pestilential

pestilential vapours and unhealthy fogs, destroy a number of children annually, while yet in their cradle, and boys and girls in the flower of their age. Thus lately perished a charming young lady, whom I saw in passing through Anet; whom I felicitated myself with the hopes of seeing again; but who, alas! was a corpse on my return!

THE Œconomical Society of Berne, have been occupied on this subject; the members have already laid a great number of plans before the Council; but these are still to be considered as so many plans, for they remain as yet unexecuted.

THE cultivation of the earth has not always been despised in Switzerland; for their Historians recite the following anecdote with no small share of pride:

A DUKE of Austria, while travelling on horse-back from Rappelswyl to Wintherthur, happening to cross the fertile country of Kibourg, in the canton of Zurich, saw near to the high-road four noble horses harnessed to a plough; a youth, who possessed a charming person, directed their motions, while an old man, whose hair was whitened by age, opened the furrows. Surprised at the superior air of the two labourers, no less than the beauty of the cattle, the Duke stopped, and turning towards the grand master of his household, said, "I have never seen such respectable peasants, or such fine horses before." "Be not astonished, my Lord," replies this officer, "these are the *Baron de Hugi* and his son; behold, at the foot of yonder hill is the ancient castle belonging to their family; and if you are still in doubt, tomorrow you will see them come to do homage to you."

Accordingly,

Accordingly, on the next day, the Duke perceives the same labourers arrive on horseback at his court, attended by a numerous retinue of their vassals. After the Baron had paid the usual homage to his Sovereign, he presented his son to him, and entered into conversation. The Duke being unable to stifle his curiosity, seized on this opportunity to satisfy his impatience. “Was it you,” says he, “whom I saw yesterday near to the high-way, holding a plough superbly decorated?” “Yes, my Lord,” replies the Baron: “next to a war undertaken for the defence of one’s country, I know of no occupation more honorable for a gentleman, than that of cultivating his own estate; I, therefore, do this as an example to my son.”

THUS thought, and thus acted the ancient Swiss, who equaling the Romans in their courage, resembled them also in their
taste

taste for agriculture and a country life. The same hands that wielded the lance, or carried the banner, thought not themselves dishonored by using the spade, and brightening the ploughshare. More than once, in the midst of the Alps, and at the foot of mount Jura, as well as on the banks of the Tiber, the General has been seen leaving his plough, to repel, at the head of his equals, the enemies of his country; and returning triumphant, he has been known to follow his suspended labours with additional ardor! One may see from thence, that a state may be as much indebted for its prosperity—

*To Ceres' scythe, as to Bellona's sword.**

But it is more especially in an age when agriculture appears to be honor-

* “A la faux de Cérès, qu'au sabre de Bellone.”
VOLTAIRE'S *Epistle to Madame Denis, on Agriculture.*

ed ;—

ed;—in an age when Œconomical Societies are every where occupied in dissertations, in observations, &c.—in an age when the marshes of Aunis, of Flanders, and part of the waste lands about Bourdeaux, have been subjected to agriculture, and changed either into pasture or corn lands:—in such an age, I say, it is not a little surprising, that the people of Berne do not endeavour to drain the marsh of Anet.

“ If I were a Lieutenant of the Police ”

(This singular exclamation is attributed to a Sovereign who loved his people,*)

“ If I were a Lieutenant of the Police, I would prohibit *cabriolets*.† As for

* Louis le bienaimé.

† Light low chaises, sometimes with one and sometimes with two horses, which the young nobility were used to drive in a furious manner along the streets of Paris and the environs, to the great danger of the foot-passengers. The suppression of this nuisance is one of the many evils that have been corrected by the late Revolution.

myself,

myself, were I at the head of the Republic of Berne, *that indigent and sterile country which surrounds and composes the marsh of Anet, should be drained and dedicated to agriculture in the space of two years.* There is no land, however barren it is, or however much it may be covered with briars and thorns, but the spade and the hedging-bill will make it wave with a golden harvest, or bloom with roses.

CHAPTER XVII.

Funerals.

It is more particularly in the pompous interment of the dead, that the abuse of luxury throughout Europe appears in all its absurdity. The Swiss, more reasonable than any other nation, think that it is ridiculous to escort with pomp, and to enter with idle and useless ceremony, a mass of flesh without life, stranger to all that passes concerning it, and ignorant whether they laugh or cry around its coffin.

Nothing can be more simple than the funerals in this country are; there is neither wax tapers nor coffin: the dead corpse being covered with straw, is
thrown

thrown into a cart, and the driver whips on to the church-yard. The obsequies of the Magistrates* are performed rather a little less cavalierly: their bodies are carried by bearers; their brother magistrates and their relations follow in procession; a large cloak covers the corpse from head to foot; a streamer of crape floats behind it in the air, and a huge flapped hat shades the face from the light of Heaven! All the burial places are without the gates of the cities and towns. The most absolute democracy reigns in them: the rich man and the beggar, the servant and the master,

* In France and in most Catholic countries, this difference is still more visible than in Switzerland. If it were possible for one of the common people to rise from the dead, and assist at his own funeral, humbled and disgusted at the manner in which they were carrying him to his grave, he would not wish that his body should be interred---he would rather beg that it might be cast on the dunghill.

confounded

confounded one with the other, not in conjunction. Titles, ranks, every mark of superiority is effaced;—there is no distinction in the grave!

AFTER the example of the Greeks and Romans, the Swiss choose to live among the dead;—like them they make the church-yards their favorite walks;—like them they plant them with fycamores, with cypresses, and other melancholy trees, which recal the idea of death, and invite affliction to repose under their shade. Behold the Poet of Theos*,

* *Anacreon*, one of the lyric poets of Greece, celebrated for his amorous and Bacchanalian songs, was born at this place, which was once a famous sea-port in Ionia. The Marquis here undoubtedly hints at his attachment to *Batbyllus*, whom he got acquainted with at the Court of *Polycrates*, in the island of Samos; a circumstance recorded by *Horace*:

Non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Batbyllo,

Anacreonta Feum,

Qui persæpe cava testudine flevit amorem. Tr.
he

every night, every morning—he visits, he sits under the cypress that covers the ashes of his friend—he suspends his lyre on the branches, and strews on his tomb those flowers with which his own forehead had been crowned!

How much do I detest our cimmetries in France! Shut up by means of triple bolts, and surrounded by high walls, it is impossible for any one to walk in them. Ah! how I should love to have near me, in my garden, in my orchard, on the declivity of a hill, or on the edge of a little stream, the tombs of my relations, of my friends, and above all, that of my father!

O, my father! Why did you not live a few years longer? I would then have done my utmost to have given you pleasure; you should have forgotten all my indiscretions; and thy *manes* satisfied with
my

my conduct, would have had nothing to reproach me with. * * * * *

* * * * *

O, my father! pardon my errors—promise to me that you will receive me with a smile—that you will acknowledge me for your *son*, for your *friend*, in those unknown regions where I shall soon meet you!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Interments—Madame Langhans—The fate of Genius.

THE Swiss do not pay obediennce to that wise precept of *Moses*, “Keep your dead for three days.” At Zurich, at Berne, and among the little cantons, if you happen to sleep a little longer than usual they think you dead, and inter you immediately. In the canton of Berne more especially, a sick man scarcely appears to utter his last sigh, when the people begin to strip him. They are contented with simply feeling his pulse, with applying their hand to his breast, or presenting a glass to his lips, to discover if he yet breathes!

Among

AMONG other unfortunate people who have been heard to cry from within their coffin, "Where are you carrying me, I am not dead?" the people there still recollect and repeat with great commiseration, the story of Madame *Langhans*, who was actually buried alive! The tomb of this lady is worthy of inspection; it is to be seen at Flindelbanck near to Berne. The monument is placed on the ground, and represents a grave covered with a broken tomb-stone. Madame *Langhans* is supposed to have heard the trumpet that is to proclaim the day of judgment, to have awoke at its sound, to have torn her winding-sheet, and to have arisen from her grave, to take her place in the celestial mansions.

THIS composition, at once warm and original—this conception equally simple and sublime, and for the idea of which we

we shall in vain search *Homer, Pindar*, and all the Poets, both ancient and modern, electrifies and excites our imagination in an uncommon degree.

THIS monument is the production of *M. Nabl*, a young sculptor of Sweden, who after having traveled throughout Europe, and displayed every where the most astonishing proofs of the warmth and originality of his genius, went to London, where he died a prisoner for debt!

How often in his life time may the man of genius exclaim “My kingdom is not of this world!” He who possesses a mediocrity of talents is the man who is beloved. We fly from and hate the man of penetration and the man of abilities; we dread his piercing eye; we would willingly destroy him; he resembles a troublesome neighbour, whose

windows overlook our own apartments!

THE Swedish artists are not fortunate when they leave their own country. I esteemed living, and I saw at Genoa while dead, a painter born at Stockholm, who was found lifeless before his lodgings, and who had been so enfeebled by hunger, that he had not sufficient strength to open his own door. This young man was endowed with one quality equally amiable and interesting. His humanity was such, that he never put his money, when he had any, in his pocket:—he always held it in his hand, that he might not hear a recapitulation of the miseries of those who addressed him for charity!

CHAP.

CHAPTER XIX.

Warlike Instruments, &c.

THE Arsenals in Switzerland are very formidable. That of Berne is curious, and is never shewn but with proper precaution. Besides more than a sufficient quantity of cannon and muskets, you there behold a prodigious number of ancient machines, such as battering rams, catapultas, &c. This arsenal is also well furnished with cuirasses, and other monuments of cowardice.

“Never,” says *Vegetius*,” never would the courage of the Macedonian phalanx have been so much celebrated, and the valour of *Horatius Cocles* so much admired,

mired, if they had made use of brazen bracelets and breast-plates ; or, if after the example of our modern heroes, they had been covered with iron or steel from the sole of the foot to the top of the head !”

THE arsenal of Bale contains about 12,000 muskets, sixty pieces of ordnance, abundance of sabres, standards, drums, the helmet of *Stufacher*, the pike of *Melchtal*, the cross-bow of *Baugasten*, and the sword of *Wm. Tell*.

CHAPTER XX.

William Tell

THE most enthusiastic historian has infinitely less respect for his hero, than the Swiss have for the memory of *William Tell*, whom they regard as the deliverer of his country, and the founder of its republican liberty. There never has been any man in Switzerland, whom the artists of all kinds, have taken such pains to immortalize in portraits, busts, medallions;—you every where, and in every shape, encounter the image of *William Tell*. The engraver, the painter, the sculptor, have multiplied his resemblance under a thousand allegories.

At

At every corner, in every street, and in almost every part of Switzerland, *Tell* is represented darting an arrow into the apple placed on his son's head. Many people, however, still dubious of the authenticity of this anecdote, treat the whole as a fiction, and disbelieve the atrocity of *Grisler*, the story of the hat, of the apple, and even the existence of *Wm. Tell* himself.

WHERE is the nation, however, which does not furnish a numerous list of conquerors and of heroes, of whom the history and the existence, is not supported by more authentic proofs, than the Gods, the Demi-gods, the imaginary battles, and suppositious warriors of *Linus*, of *Homer*, and of *Orpheus*?

CHAPTER XXI.

National Festival in Honor of Swiss Patriotism.

WHATEVER may be the doubts in regard to the hero of Switzerland, they celebrate every year at Arth, in the canton of Scheverick, a national and patriotic festival in honor of *Wm. Tell*. I have seen—I was present at, and was highly delighted with this festival.

PRECEDED by two heralds at arms of a gigantic size, and by warlike music, the cavalcade proceeds from the neighbouring country to the town of Arth, where there is a theatre erected in the middle of the public square. The Genius

nus of ancient Helvetia, carrying in one hand a shield emblazoned with the arms of the Thirteen Cantons, and in the other a lance surmounted by the Cap of Liberty, leads the procession, escorted by two warriors armed at all points, each wielding a battle-axe, and a troop of herdsmen dressed like the shepherds of the Alps, with leathern caps on their heads, and massy clubs over their shoulders; after them the Captain of the cross-bowmen approaches, at the head of a company clad in green, and armed with bows: these are followed by *William Tell* and his son, and the three other patriots, *Stauffacher*, *Melchtal* and *Furst*. The domestics of Governor *Grisler*, succeed these, dressed in the fashion of that age, and bearing a pike on which the hat of their master is placed.

Soon after the Deputies of the Thirteen Cantons make their appearance, each preceded by a young man carrying a banner, and a herald dressed in the uniform of his profession. The cavalcade is closed by a company of twenty soldiers, six feet high, chosen from among the handsomest young men of the whole country.

THE procession having arrived at the theatre, and the spectators being seated on benches elevated above each other, in the manner of the ancient amphitheatres, the Genius of Helvetia advances, and delivers an oration, of which the following is the translation:—

“ O HELVETIA, country of heroes!

“ Of all the nations scattered over the

“ face

“ face of this globe, thine is the sole
“ one that enjoyest completely the first
“ of all earthly blessings—LIBERTY!
“ From the summit of its Alps, it sees
“ nothing but injustice armed to destroy
“ the smiling labours of the peasant—
“ sanguinary despotism sporting with the
“ rights and with the lives of mankind;
“ ambition, vengeance and pride, deso-
“ lating the most fertile countries;—
“ and effiminacy, luxury, and debau-
“ chery, anticipating the effects of
“ age!

“ You alone, O my friends! You a-
“ lone enjoy, without slaves, and without
“ masters, those possessions which you
“ owe only to Heaven—to the intrep-
“ dity of your ancestors—and to your

“ own industry. You are nourished
“ with the milk, which the numerous
“ herds that roam among your vallies
“ furnish you with in abundance ; you
“ breathe a pure air, which strangers
“ come in search of from afar, as a
“ certain remedy for disease ; you drink
“ at the foot of your rocks, a beve-
“ rage more refreshing than that pre-
“ sented in golden vessels at the ban-
“ quets of Kings ; you choose your
“ own Magistrates from among your
“ own equals ; you obey those laws
“ only, which you yourselves have
“ dictated. If any of you chooses to
“ appreciate the happiness contained
“ within the boundary of his little
“ possession, he shall find himself equal
“ to the masters of the world, and will
“ neither

“ neither envy their palaces, nor their
“ flatterers.

“ On this occasion,* when gladness
“ reigns in our mountains, some testify
“ their joy by songs and by dancing,
“ and others by banquets and by masque-
“ rades. As to us, we offer up a public
“ and a solemn homage to our brave
“ deliverers ; we stir up in every bosom
“ the love of Liberty, and we crown
“ with garlands the face of our beloved
“ country !

“ The cold and phlegmatic rules of
“ art, do not preside at this spectacle ;
“ truth alone, without dissimulation, with-

* This festival always takes place at the time of
the Carnival.

“out embellishment, reminds you of
 “those happy days, when faith, valor,
 “and other rural virtues, were alone
 “honored among us. Our poetry is
 “simple, like that of our forefathers;
 “it reminds us of the candor and the
 “artlessness of their energetic language;
 “and as to our games, they are not
 “agreeable but to real Helvetians—to
 “those mountaineers, still worthy of
 “their ancestors, because they strive
 “to resemble them. * * * * *

“ * * * * *

“ * * *

“But above all things, O brave Helve-
 “tians, above all things, imprint upon
 “your minds, the remembrance of
 “those great events, which you this
 “day

“ day solemnize. Salute then, hail
“ these august scenes—bless this famous
“ spot—this spot sacred to liberty, on
“ which you have so often trod without
“ reflection—bathe in tears the stones
“ which form the monuments of your
“ forefathers glory! At every step
“ your country seems to cry to you—
“ *Stop, you trample under your feet the*
“ *unknown tomb of some hero.*”

“ —Here is the solitary field of *Rutli*,
“ which formerly gave shelter to your
“ deliverers, when at a distance from the
“ vigilant eye of their tyrant, they con-
“ spired to break his iron yoke.—There
“ is the sacred plain, where the auspi-
“ cious arrow of *Kinnenberg* fell.—On
“ that side is the venerable chapel of
“ *William*

“ *William Tell* ;—and you see below, the
“ narrow boundaries of the field of bat-
“ tle, where *Vinkcbied*, and so many of
“ your generous ancestors cemented the
“ foundations of rising liberty with
“ their blood.

“ And what do the *manes* of so
“ many heroes demand from you? O,
“ my friends! O, my brothers! They
“ demand that you should follow their
“ example—they demand, that you
“ should imitate their unbroken inte-
“ grity, their noble simplicity, and their
“ masculine courage * * * * *—
“ they demand, that you should preserve
“ the glory they acquired, spotless, * *
“ * * * * *
“ they demand of you to transmit, with-
“ out

“out alteration, to your descendants, the
“precious inheritance of Liberty—and
“that you should never do any thing
“unworthy of the glorious name of R.E.
“PUBLICANS!”

AFTER this discourse, which was received with universal applause, the play commenced; it was divided into five acts; if this appellation can be properly given to the sections of a drama, purely historic.

In the first, the Austrian Governor seizes on the house of *Stauffacher*, under pretence that it is too large for a private person, and that it ought to be turned into a fortress; the three Deliverers then appear, who deplore the cruel state of their country, recount the general complaints, and their own private sufferings,
and

and bind themselves by a common oath, to expel their oppressors.

In the second act, a pole is erected in the midst of the square of Altorf, at the top of which they place the hat of *Grifler*, which every passenger is ordered to salute, under the penalty of being severely punished. *Tell* refuses to pay this degrading homage; he is seized and condemned to strike with his arrow an apple placed on his son's head; and he executes this with an ease and address that appears incredible.

In the third act, the Austrian oppressors carry away the men from the plough of the aged *Melchtal*, saying, "That the Swiss peasants should themselves be put into the yoke:"—his son, enraged at such an expression, knocks down one of these agents of tyranny, and flies from the vengeance of the Governor.

The

The fourth act represents the first assembly, in which the alliance of the three Cantons of Uri, Schivitz and Underval is projected; in consequence of which they enter into a defensive league against the house of Austria.

In the fifth act, a National Diet is assembled;—each Canton enters in its turn, and swears fidelity to the general confederation. The session is terminated by a simple but affecting speech, delivered by the holy hermit *Nicholas de Flue*, who has left his retreat to exhort his countrymen to justice, peace and concord. The Cantons being seated in the usual order of precedence with *William Tell*, the three Deliverers, and the Hermit in the midst of them, the Genius of Helvetia appears a second time, and speaks as follows:

I DOUBT

“ I DOUBT not, O Helvetians! but
“ that the representation of the deeds
“ of former times, has at once interested
“ and affected you ; may this scene re-
“ main impressed upon your minds, and
“ preserve in you the love of your
“ country, and of its ancient virtues!—
“ You who are the youthful sons of the
“ shepherds of the mountains, see how
“ the son of *William Tell* was made an
“ instrument by Heaven, to preserve the
“ innocence of his father, and the honor
“ of his country. Be courageous like
“ that boy, who never turned away his
“ head—who never even shut his eyes,
“ and exclaim with pride—*Although we*
“ *are yet but Children, we are nevertheless*
“ *the descendants of ancient heroes, and*
“ *underneath our little leathern caps, the*
“ *generous*

“ generous blood of Switzerland, even

“ now, animates us to glory! * *

“ * * * * *

“ Young bowmen—ye who still carry

“ the arms of *William Tell*—ye who ex-

“ ercise them, that you may attain per-

“ fection, say with me:—*If the enemy*

“ should come we shall sharpen our arrows,

“ we shall bend our bows; and when we

“ are older, the ball launched from the

“ fusée, shall hereafter give a more certain

“ death. * * * * *

“ O, ye robust warriors, who know

“ that every Swiss is born a soldier, love

“ always the noise of arms—encourage

“ no other than military games—in the

“ time of peace be prudent enough to

“ exercise

“ exercise yourselves in the feats of war ;
“ but resolve only to use your arms in
“ the defence of your children, your
“ laws, and your religion.

“ And you, ye illustrious people, de-
“ scended from these freemen, renew in
“ your hearts this universal confedera-
“ tion ; cement it by the language of
“ brotherhood and of peace ; so that
“ each Canton may hold out an *Helve-*
“ *tian hand* to its neighbour ; and each
“ Citizen be ready to serve his country
“ at the expence even of his life.

“ O Switzerland ! sheltered by the
“ buckler of Heaven, amidst your
“ scattered vallies, you hear at a dis-
“ tance, the feeble sound of devouring
“ war !

“ war ! Your happiness consists in peace ;
“ sedulously then preserve that peace ;
“ it will avail you more than numerous
“ armies of mercenaries, than fortresses
“ beset with cannon, and treasures which
“ but corrupt their possessors !”

FOR three days successively the same drama is repeated, and during each day an immense concourse of people assemble from the neighbouring cantons. The fathers carry their children there, and shew them the faithful and living picture of the great events and patriotic scenes of past ages. The wives, the mothers, and those whom nature intended to become such, are flattered with the idea, that their husbands, their lovers, and their children, have not de-

L

generated

generated from the courage, and the boldness of their ancestors ; the old men weep with joy—the young men feel themselves animated with a new ardor. A general emotion is every where excited ; in some it displays itself in tears ; in others, in sighs ; in all, by a confused and tumultuous applause !

AND yet the greater part of these mountaineers could see *Augustus* granting pardon to *Cinna*—*Phædra* calling out for death—or *Merope* recovering her son, without being in the least affected. This is the history of their forefathers, represented in detail before the eyes of their descendants, and in the very place where those great occurrences have happened. None but a native can comprehend the lively emotions which this national drama excites, especially among the Swiss who inhabit the mountains ; for the minds of those who live in cities, biassed

biaffed by custom, enervated by foreign luxuries, preferring appearances to reality, and fable to truth, are not charmed by such spectacles. They, like the rest of the world, admire tragedies, comedies, operas, and pretty actresses!

CHAPTER XXII.

The Accomplishments of the Swiss Ladies.

A REAL Misanthrope is a monster unknown to Nature—for Nature never made a Misanthrope! And yet, notwithstanding this, the Swiss, with a few exceptions, are melancholy, taciturn, fond of sequestered and peaceable retreats, and do not seem to indulge in the gay fallies of wit and of enjoyment. It is undoubtedly the awful appearance of the mountains, the precipices, and the *avalanches*,* that they have continually

* We have no word in our language corresponding with this; it signifies the sliding of the snow from the tops of the mountains into the adjoining vallies, in the progress of which, men, cattle, and houses are carried away. T.

before

before their eyes, which intimidates and prevents them from laughing. Their women are more courageous; neither the glacières, the rocks, nor the mountains, make any impression on them. Almost all the women in Switzerland are lively, and as playful as children; a little ball will amuse them; even a butterfly will divert and make them laugh.

This frivolity, however, is only in appearance. Switzerland is the country of all others, where the women in general converse most naturally, most judiciously or know on proper occasions how to give the best advice. They are well educated, and are endowed with uncommon accomplishments: poetry, history, philosophy, even politics is within the sphere of their knowledge; and indeed, nothing appears difficult to their comprehension. They are also fond of the fine arts,

arts, and excel in the acquirements adapted to the fair sex. Most of them play upon some instrument, dance, ride on horseback, and sing like so many larks.

“I love the Swiss,” said a Sovereign, “because their gloomy character resembles my own.” Ought one to be proud, and to thank Heaven, for being of a melancholy turn of mind? *Locke* and several other writers, seem to think, that we ought to distrust those who are subject to gloomy ideas, and whose sad and downcast eyes see every thing through a cloud of spleen. Indeed, history classes among the list of melancholy tyrants, the names of *Tiberius*, *Thomas Kauli Khan*, *Cæsar Borgia*, and that *Catherine* of Medicis, who made *Charles IX.* consent to the massacre of *St. Bartholomew!*

It

It must be acknowledged, however; that notwithstanding the *sombre* appearance of their aspect, it is easy to discover among the Swiss, a degree of simplicity and integrity, that renders all intercourse with them safe. Estimable on account of a thousand good qualities, you will find the people in Switzerland, possessing a more pure system of morals, than any where else. Discretion is their favorite quality ;—as much to be trusted as silence itself—one before them may *think aloud!*

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Prisons—Dungeons are there unknown.

THE prisons in Switzerland, ought to serve as a model for all the prisons in Europe. They are large, healthy, well aired, and each apartment contains a bed, a little stove, a window and a night-chair. The prisoners receive a pound and a half of bread, and a certain quantity of flesh, or of greens daily. They have clean linen once a week, and cloaths when they are wanted. The petty rogues are separate from the criminals committed for atrocious offences, and each prison has an hospital or infirmary attached to it. The use of
spiritous

spiritous liquors is prohibited. You never see in Switzerland, as elsewhere, those barbarous gaolers, who make the very air on which their prisoners respire, venal, and sell to them, at an exorbitant price, the stinking straw on which they are permitted to repose !

M. Mercier and *M. Retif*, who have painted with energy, the vices and passions of all classes of society, (the former especially, whose works are full of eloquent declamations, and of true descriptions of the corruption of the present age, and of the perverseness of the human mind), never had the courage to penetrate into the abysses of prisons, or to descend into dungeons, and expose to the vengeance of the magistrates, those ferocious turnkeys, who appear by the sound of their voice, their hasty motions, and the appearance of their whole bodies, as if they did not belong to the human species.

M

That

THAT law of the Emperor *Constantine*, ought to be adopted, which condemns to death the gaoler convicted of cruelty or prevarication. This is the best edict that this Legislator ever published, after becoming a Christian.

THE use of dungeons is unknown in Switzerland, and ought to be proscribed in every part of the globe. When a prisoner is enclosed and chained—when the doors are well locked and well barricaded, flight is impracticable, and it is out of the power of fortune to contrive an escape.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Promptness of Judicial Decisions in Switzerland.

“ **W**HOEVER does not intend to commit injustice, or to make law-suits immortal, ought to give judgment in public,” says a King of Macedonia. The Swiss, who adhere to this maxim, try all their criminals in the open air. Civil causes are canvassed privately ; but the parties never languish under the tortures of suspense ; for this people seem to have taken the prompt decisions of the Athenian and the Roman tribunals as their models.

WHEN *Cicero*, before a nation of Kings, impeached *Verres*, who was defended by

M 2

Hortensius ;

Hortensius ;—when *Demosthenes* pleaded before the people of Attica against *Eschines*, the trial lasted only during one day. The same Sun beheld the development and the final judgment on the same cause. The idea never occurred either to the judges or the accusers, after the discussion of one or two articles of the charge, to leave the prisoner and the process behind them, and go on a party of pleasure to the country.*

THE punishment of death is almost fallen into disuse ; the people talk of an execution for ten years after it has taken place. In Switzerland they are economical of human blood. The magistrates appear to be actuated by the maxim which inculcates, that society ought not to cut off one of its members for a slight offence.

* The Marquis de Langle evidently designs this as a satire on the manner of deciding causes in France before the late revolution. *Transf.*

Instead

INSTEAD of being subjected to capital punishments, felons are imprisoned in the house of correction. The regulations in these houses are so excellent and so mild—criminals are so well fed, and so well attended, that if it were not for the iron ring about the leg, the hook at the neck, and the chain by which they are linked together, many worthy people, who are in poverty, would be very happy in their situation.

IF the atrocity of a crime should oblige the judges to pronounce sentence of death, the *cord* is the only instrument of punishment ; so humane are they, that the culprit is first made drunk, then is hanged, as it were, *without perceiving it* ; he has no more an idea of the death that he is to suffer, than an oak about to be cut down has of its destruction !

IN France, opprobrium and infamy

M 3.

for

for ever stain the posterity of every man who perishes on a scaffold.* Crimes are merely *personal* in Switzerland. I dined at Berne with the cousin of a culprit, who was to be executed that very evening ; the lady of the house was particularly attentive to him, and both during the dinner and the desert, took the utmost pains to make him happy.

* This is another cruel and barbarous custom, abolished by the new constitution of that empire ! T.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Rural Festival at Fribourg and Berne.

THEY have lately suppressed at Berne and at Fribourg, a charming festival, which used to be held with all possible brilliancy and grandeur. Never did the cotemporaries of *Manlius* and of *Paulus Emilius*, behold so much pomp and pageantry at the shews which they exhibited before the Roman people.

THIS festival, which they were used to celebrate every year in the month of May, recalled to the mind, the gallant and romantic age of *Amadis de Gaul*, and the tournaments of ancient chivalry: it was called, *the Siege of the Castle of Aucour.*

M 4

A fortress

A fortrefs was erected in the great fquare, and odorned with ingenious emblems, with garlands of flowers, with cyphers, and with gay devices. The caſtle was defended by the handſomeſt women of the town and the ſurrounding country; all the youth in the neighbourhood were invited, and appeared in ſeparate parties; the young women were placed on the top of the battlements; noſegays ſerved them inſtead of arms; the aſſailants were provided with the ſame weapons; the moſt tender muſic ſerved inſtead of a charge, and gave the ſignal for the engagement; the caſtle was taken after a vigorous aſſault; ſhouts of joy rent the air; the trumpets ſounded a flouriſh, and the melody of the cymbals and other inſtruments of muſic, were re-echoed from all parts: a ſcarf and a kiſs rewarded the valor of the conquerors.

AFTER this they walked in proceſſion

sion around the town ; every street was decorated with triumphal arches, bearing inscriptions analogous to the occasion ; all the ladies appeared elegantly dressed at the windows, and threw perfumes and rose-leaves on the passengers ; verses, songs, balls, bonfires, illuminations, suppers, ballads, firing of cannon, every thing was remembered, that could render this entertainment, gay, grand and magnificent.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Natural History, a predominant attachment among the Swiss.

A TASTE for Natural History, a study at present so fashionable throughout Europe, is the favorite amusement of the Swiss nation.

AT Berne, at Geneva, at Zurich, every citizen in opulent circumstances, has one or two apartments adorned with birds, corals, minerals, pyrites, shells, marine productions, and other trifles, which the sea, ashamed of being the receptacle of baubles, casts from her bosom with disdain.

No Sovereign can possess a more complete collection than that of *M. Bernouilli* at Basil, *M. Heidegger* at Zurich, or *M. El. Bertrand* at Berne. The last of these gentlemen has also an immense collection of plants, simples and fossils. I readily seize on the present occasion of thanking *M. Bertrand*, for presenting me with his Dictionary of Fossils ; I am proud of having received it from his own hand. In this work there are a multitude of new and enlightened observations. The author does not spend his time in forming systems ; he describes the productions of nature, without an useless enquiry into the manner of her operations ; every thing that concerns pyrotechnics, metallurgy, and precious stones, has been noticed by him. Among the antiquities in the possession of *M. Bernouilli*, there are two votive bucklers, one belonging to *Scipio*, and the other to *Hannibal*. These curiosities are worthy
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of a Sovereign. *M. de Meyer*, who despises the collections of natural history that he has seen in Switzerland, must be very difficult to please.

In the cabinet of Colonel *Fry* at Basil, I saw a winged lizard. This precious and singular production realizes, as it were, all the fabulous animals recorded in the fictions of the Poets, and seems to give a certain degree of credibility to the existence of Griffins, Centaurs, Syrens, and even to the horse PEGASUS.

In most of the Museums that I have examined, either in France, in Germany, or even in England, the animals are badly stuffed, and appear to the curious to be nothing more than so many disfigured skeletons; one has lost a leg, another a claw; this has no wings, that is without its tuft of feathers; every

every eagle is destitute of talons; every pigeon is bereft of its coronet; every insect of its legs; and they are all huddled together in confusion. Nevertheless, a cabinet of Natural History ought to resemble a Library: it is as ridiculous to class a bird or a fly by the side of an elephant's tooth, as to place the "Thoughts of Pascal" next to the tales of "My Mother the Goose."

IN the Cabinets which I have visited in Switzerland, the animals, admirably stuffed and well preserved, are not only in possession of all their parts and all their members, but of their colours of purple, of iris, and of azure. They also preserve the same attitudes, and the same appearance, which they commonly exhibit in the woods or in the air; you think they are alive. Except noise and motion, our menageries, our pheasant-walks,

walks, and our aviaries, do not afford a more lively, or a more animated picture.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Libraries—Henry IV.

THE Library of Berne consists of about thirty thousand volumes, and from five to six thousand manuscripts. One of the most valuable is, the famous *Correctorium Biblicum*, the only one in existence; this has been repeatedly quoted by commentators on the Bible. Although this library is not public, yet travellers, and the curious of all nations, are admitted to visit it.*

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* A very costly and elegant collection of books has been presented to the Republic of Berne, and placed in this library, by that steady Patriot and excellent

In the Library of Basil, there are about three thousand volumes. A very short time will make one acquainted with all the curious works contained in it. The manuscripts are in no greater abundance.

The Librarian takes great pride in shewing a Hebrew M. S. the antiquity of which he boasts highly of. This manuscript, whatever he may say, must be but modern, for it abounds with chronological notes; and it is well known that the ancient manuscripts never have any.

I beheld with great pleasure, a portrait of *Henry IV.* in one of the halls of this

excellent citizen, *T. Brand Hollis, Esq.* This principally consists of *Algernon Sidney* on Government, *Locke*, *Ludlow's Memoirs*, *Addison's*, *Marvel's*, *Steel's* and *Milton's Prose Works*. Thus, were liberty to be banished from the polished and luxurious kingdoms of Europe, its principles would be still found among the mountains of Switzerland! *Translator.*

library.

library. *Henry IV.* is every where—all the world admire his memory!

O *Henry IV.*! the veneration of mankind has amply revenged that fanatical zeal which abridged thy days! Two centuries have elapsed since your murder; three or four generations have passed away; our sorrow, however, is the same; thy memory and thy virtues are still equally present, equally dear, as if your reign had but finished yesterday!

There are many manuscripts in the library of Zurich; an Evangelist in Greek, the works of St. *Ambrose*, and those of St. *Gregory* are most remarkable.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Pictures—Holbein.

IN the Town-house of Basle is to be seen a *dead Christ*; it is the *chef-d'œuvre* of *Holbein*,* who was born here, and died about two hundred years since. This picture makes the hair *stand on end*, and even quickens the circulation of the blood. Many children on seeing it, have screamed through fear; several women have fainted away, and others have miscarried.

* This celebrated painter was born in Basle, and was introduced to *Henry VIII.* by means of the great *Erasmus*.

THE mention of *Holbein* recalls to my recollection the *Death's dance*, falsely attributed to that artist. *Holbein* had too much taste to employ his time in painting a picture undeserving of regard.— This fantastical composition, which I saw at Basil, on the walls of the burial-place of St. *John*, represents men and women dancing in masquerade. *Death* seems eager to enjoy the diversion, and accompanied by *Eve*, actually opens the ball. Never did *Calot* engrave any thing so ridiculous ; never did the Visigoths imagine any thing half so barbarous !

THE Swiss, in general, have the reputation of possessing a taste for painting ; the cause, however, has never been ascertained. I have seen a great number of paintings in the possession of different persons of that nation. At Zurich I saw a very fine picture belonging to M. *Heidegger* ; it was the *Pluto* of *Julio Romano*.

mano. It is placed over the chimney ;—*Pluto* appears with his hair bristled up, and his eyes sparkling ; and when the fire is lighted, the picture is placed in such a position, that this God appears about to precipitate himself into his own element, and actually seems anxious to return to his proper empire.

M. Hainber of Basil, possesses a superb *descent from the cross* ; a *flagellation* by *Voss* ; and a *decollation of St. John* :—This last is an original picture painted by *Titian*, but the head is by far too red. *Titian* ought to have known, that death discolours the cheeks, and that the face grows pale the moment that the fates have cut the thread of life.

M. Tuesch is in possession of the last *Judgment* ; this awful subject is described in a manner that commands our reflection ;

flection ;—it is equal to a sermon. In a landscape by *Vouvermans*, the lights and shades are so truly painted, that you may guess the very hour of the day.

Priam setting out to demand the body of his son *Hector* from *Achilles*, is a fine historical painting also in the possession of *M. Tuesch*. The head of *Achilles* is admirable—that of *Priam* is equally fine ; the figure of *Andromache* abounds in expression—but *Paris* spoils the whole picture. It is not the son of *Priam*, the greatest Monarch of Asia, that is here represented ; it is a squat, stunted stable-boy, who is running to dress his master's horses !

Jesus Christ discovering to the world the light of the Gospel, by means of the *Apostles* : this is a grotesque and fantastical composition. God the Son is placed upon a cloud, with the body and legs so distorted, as to exhibit nothing but the
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sole of his foot ; as to the Apostles they fly in company together ;—St. *John* mounted on an eagle—St. *Peter* sitting cross-legged on a cloud, carrying the keys, &c. &c. The subject of this picture appears to have been borrowed from some romance, written in the days of chivalry, when sphynxes and flying men were celebrated as heroes !

CHAPTER XXIX.

The modest and immodest Ladies in Switzerland.

THE passions are very violent in Switzerland, but the ladies there are so *savagely virtuous*, that one may write on almost all their doors, what *Dante* says he read on the entry into the infernal regions:

“ From this place is banished all hope !”

The courtezans of Berne are the handsomest women in all Europe. I doubt if *Rkodope*, who, out of the profits of her

her profession, erected one of the Egyptian Pyramids ; or *Phryne*, who, by the same means, rebuilt the walls of Thebes, were more beautiful or more seductive !

CHAPTER XXX.

Religion—Music.

THE churches of the Reformed religion, are entirely destitute of ornament; as to the Cathedrals, they are models of Gothic architecture. The buildings in no country better demonstrate how much the artists of the 11th, the 12th, and the 13th centuries excelled in carving, in design in general, and in majesty and grandeur in particular. Within the Protestant churches all is simplicity: One neither sees gold nor rubies; there are only a few benches and chairs, and a pulpit and communion-table.

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THIS kind of worship is too naked ; Religion stands in need of drapery and machinery ;—the Reformed should admit ornaments and pictures into their temples ; and, above all, music, to inflame the imagination, and raise the soul to the divinity. The people ought to be soothed with the majesty of ceremonies—with the vapour of incense—with the melody of instruments and of the human voice. Sumptuous and magnificent as was the temple of *Solomon*, it might, perhaps, have remained empty, if it had not re-echoed night and day, with the songs and instruments of the daughters of Sion !

WHILE speaking of the *holy place*—while speaking of the sacred ceremonies ;—in the midst of the cares that surrounded his throne—in the midst even of his most brilliant victories, *David* always thinks of concerts, of harmony,

harmony, and of music, and demands continually, that his songs may be accompanied by the harp, the cymbal, the organ, and the trumpet !

CHAPTER XXXI.

Sumptuary Laws.

IN the times even of *Cato* the Censor, the Appian Law was not better observed at Rome, than the Sumptuary Laws are at present in Basil, Lucern, Zurich, and the other little Cantons. At Basil especially, no lace is allowed, no gilding on the equipages, no servants behind them.

ONE is astonished how sumptuary laws can be established, without driving the fairest part of the human race into rebellion

bellion against tyranny ! It is difficult to conceive how it has happened, that the ladies have submitted to those cruel and childish prohibitions ; and by what means it comes about, that in Switzerland, as elsewhere, the fair sex do not *make* the law ?

FEATHERS and artificial flowers are strictly forbidden. It is in vain that the women complain, murmur, and make a horrible noise ;—there is no gallant Senator who will ever elevate his voice in their favor, and imitating the example of the Tribune *Valerius*, plead as proxy for the ladies, in behalf of trinkets, feathers, and new fashions.

WERE it not for those cruel prohibitory laws, our French baubles would find a ready market in Switzerland. The young women seem to devour them with

their eyes, and speak with raptures of France, and more particularly of Paris, for Paris is the capital of women ; it is there that the female Swedes, Spaniards, and Italians run, to learn how to govern men with ribbands and lace ; it is there that the female Parisians reign, in the midst of foolish fashions, by means of charms ever varrying, ever new—and it is there that the English kneel, and throw away their money and their melancholy.

ROUGE is entirely proscribed in Switzerland. I wish that we had a history of this cosmetic. I should like to know how it at first became the signal of suspicious manners ; why it has at present become the mark of rank and of fortune ; and by what transition it has got upon the stage, where every player, even he who acts the
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the character of *Polypheme*, daubs on *rouge* on his cheeks, by way of looking handsome !

CHAPTER XXXII.

*The Swiss are fond of Wine—Anecdote of
a French Ambassador.*

THE luxury of Switzerland consists in the pleasures of the table; the people look upon *good cheer* as the greatest of all blessings:—their repasts, indeed, do not resemble those of Lafare and of Chaulieu; the guests, however, neither eat nor drink less than they did!

SYLIRUS, the celebrated Physician of Paris, who recommended to his patients to get drunk four times a week, would

would have made his fortune in this part of the world.

NEXT to Germany, Switzerland is the country where they drink most; the character of a *bard drinker* is actually a recommendation there. In a great number of the Cantons, they still repeat with admiration, the story of an Ambassador from France, who, on returning home to his own court, prepared to take leave of the Deputies:—
“Your Excellency,” said these Magistrates, “must not depart, without drinking some of the wine of Etrier.”

“The wine of Etrier,” replies the Ambassador, “ought to be drunk out of a *boot* ;” and immediately pulling off one of his own, he fills and empties it in an instant, springs into his saddle, and rides away with the swiftness of an arrow!

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We perhaps condemn, without sufficient reflection, the too liberal use of wine among the Swiss. It may be to the juice of the grape that they are indebted for many of their best qualities. It is commonly remarked that Drunkards are very good sort of people ;—that they are incapable of hatred ;—that their hearts are seldom corrupt or vicious ;—that they are open and candid, and, consequently, very easy to be known.

We read in the annals of France, that our vines were twice rooted up ; once, by order of the Emperor *Domitian* ; and, another time, by *Charles IX.* that is to say, that of those two sworn enemies to the grape, the one was a tyrant, whose abhorred name makes the hair stand on end with horror ; and the other was a pusillanimous and weak Prince, who, instead of dying in his palace

lace and on his bed, ought to have finished his days in a ditch, or in a convent.—*Charles IX.* was young, for he died at 24 years of age:—I implore the indulgence of posterity for his memory!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Of the excessive use of Coffee. -

IN the juice of this berry consists the luxury of the people of Switzerland. On the top of their mountains—on the sides of their steep rocks—where the most common refinement has not as yet penetrated, and where the inhabitants have still preserved the simplicity of their ancient manners, the custom of drinking coffee is carried to excess, and it is not uncommon to see servant-maids and female peasants, pawning their petticoats and their stays to purchase sugar to render it palatable.

I AM acquainted with almost every thing that has either been said or written
against

against coffee ; but if the rage for this beverage is attended with some inconveniences, it cannot, on the other hand, be doubted, but that the people are become much more sober by its use ; that drunkenness has become infinitely more uncommon since its introduction, and that it has effected what neither the fine harangues of *Socrates*, the epigrams of *Martial*, the discourses of *Seneca*, in former, nor the best moral treatises, and the finest declamations on temperance, in our own days, have been able to accomplish.

ALTHOUGH coffee is familiar to most of the inhabitants of the globe, and its use is now almost universal, I wish that it were still more common among the people of Paris ; the taverns would have less company, and the artizans and labourers

bourers of the capital, might, by little and little, leave off the custom of spending, in two or three hours, the price of fifteen or twenty pounds of bread, which would maintain a whole family for a week.

A friend of *Socrates* complained, that provisions were exceedingly dear at Athens. The wine of Chio was fifty livres, a measure of honey four, a fish twenty deniers, and as to cinnamon it was sold at an extravagant price. *Socrates* on this, conducted his friend to the place where hydromel and cummin were sold; these might be procured for a mere trifle. It is just the same in Switzerland; the necessaries of life may be had cheap; luxuries alone are expensive:—one may live there on a very small annuity; and the man of forty crowns per annum,

annum, could very easily have enjoyed his four meals aday in that country.*

* "*L'homme aux quarante ecus*," an imaginary character drawn by the masterly pen of *Voltaire*. Tr.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Ornamental Gardening.

A TASTE for ornamental gardening, is one of the favourite passions of the Swiss. Switzerland, perhaps, in proportion to its riches and extent, contains more gardens, more parks, more rare flowers, trees and foreign shrubs, than any other country in the world.

THE *Pay de Vaud*, the borders of the lake Lemman, the neighbourhood of Berne and of Zurich, the western banks

Banks of the lake of Neuchatel, &c. are crouded with pleasure grounds, where Chinese pavillions, thatched cottages, remains of colonades, and portions of ancient architecture, are erected, and supported at an immense expence.

Unfortunately, those artificial ruins, which seem ready to tumble on the head of the passenger, deceive none but children.

IN truth, when we compare these broken columns to the ruins of Palmyra—when we compare the gardens of England to the plains of Memphis, or of Grand Cairo—or to the borders of Mount Vesuvius, of Pompeia, and of Herculaneum, we must confess, that nature alone is sublime; and that notwithstanding her exclusive privileges, her efforts, her industry, and
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her patents, art is nothing more than a servile copyist, and a sorry imitator!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Vevay.

THIS is a little village, three leagues and a half distant from Lausanne; it is romantically situated, but does not contain any remarkable buildings.* As all

* THE principal Church, which is detached from the town, and situated on a rising ground behind it, contains the body of that eminent Republican, General *Ludlow*, who retired to Vevay, to escape assassination, which was the usual mode adopted by the minions of the house of *Stuart*, to revenge the death of a tyrant, who had been publicly condemned and executed, by a Judicial Assembly, chosen and delegated by the only Legitimate power, then existing in the kingdom.

It is very strange, that the most remarkable circumstance of his whole life is omitted in his epitaph,

the articles of commerce, exported from the southern parts of Switzerland to Italy, pass through this place, and all the cheese of the canton of Fribourg is sold here, it has some little appearance of trade.

M. Brandoin, a native of Vevay, has a

for although it contains an eulogium on him as a bold and steady defender of the liberties of his country, yet it does not mention that he was one of the Judges of *Charles I.* and actually signed the sentence for the decollation of that Monarch.

It was customary for many years to consider this Prince as a *Saint*; but the House of Commons, at length ashamed of celebrating his *martyrdom*, have left the pious office to the Bench of Bishops, and such Lay Lords as may attend them.

After a lapse of more than a century, the people of France, have adopted the principles of *Ludlow* and his associates; for by declaring the King a Servant of the Public (*Fonctionnaire Publique*) they have evidently subjected him to the same punishments as other Magistrates.

fine

fine collection of landscapes, designed by himself; and Doctor *Levade* will shew a few interesting specimens of natural history, to any traveller.

The Antiquarian, however, will perhaps be more delighted with a custom that prevails here, if he should be so happy as to arrive at that season of the year, than with any other peculiarity belonging to this obscure village. Immediately after the vintage, the Society of Wine-dressers march in procession through the town, led by two members of their fraternity, who have distinguished themselves by the most approved culture, and displayed the best specimens of their skill in the management of the grape.

In this institution may be traced, the disfigured remains of the ancient Roman festivals in honor of agriculture. When
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the Swiss became Christians, they substituted holy songs and Christmas carols, in place of the dialogues between *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and the *Bacchants*, which their new religion taught them to abhor as impious!

CHAPTER XXXV.

The lake Lemman,

Is formed by the river Rhine ; it is of considerable extent, and was much larger in former ages, as all the country from Villeneuve to Bex, is evidently created out of a marsh.

Like all other lakes, situated at the foot of the Alps, its waters increase during the Summer, by means of the melted snow that rushes in torrents from the adjacent mountains.

During stormy and tempestuous weather, it rises and falls four or five feet alternately,

alternately, without any sensible diminution or increase as to its bulk, a phenomenon which is attributed to the *electric matter* contained in the clouds, which, on such occasions, float along its surface ; and I, from my own observations, am inclined to coalesce in this popular opinion.

The lovers of Natural History, may collect a variety of uncommon birds and fishes in this neighbourhood ; and it must be recollected, that some curious specimens, from the mineral kingdom, may here also be procured.

M. de Saussure, has classed and arranged the various natural productions of this part of the country, in a work worthy of the reputation of that celebrated author.

Not far distant from this place is the *Glaciere* of Gimel. A grotto too, through which a subterraneous river, supposed to be the Aubonne, forces itself a passage, is visited by all travellers.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Morges.

THIS town enjoys a considerable share of the trade of the *Pays de Vaud*, and would, undoubtedly, have monopolised the whole, if the plan of uniting the lake Lemman, with the lake of Neuchâtel, had been carried into execution. Instead of conveying the merchandize in waggons from Berne to Basil, as is now practised, it was intended to have transported it in boats from Morges to Yverdun, by means of a canal, and then to have taken advantage of the lakes of Neuchatel and Bienne, which would have opened a communication with

with the Thiele, the Aar, and the Rhine. The petty interest of individuals has prevented this noble idea from being executed, but the day is not far off, when the public welfare will banish such narrow and contracted views.

I cannot leave Morges without recounting a singular custom which prevails there. The inhabitants have an annual assembly, at which they shoot at a mark, placed at the top of a pole, and he who hits the center, is declared King for the succeeding year; a dignity which entitles him to purchase any lands within the district, without being subject to the customary fine on *alienation*. This is a circumstance productive of considerable advantage, as the tax, on the sale of landed property, amounts to no less than one tenth of its value.

This custom also prevails in the three other towns in the *Pays de Vaud*.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Travers—Moliers—The Temple of the Fairies.

THE Travers, is one of the vallies of Mount Jura ; it is watered by the river Reuse, which springs from a grotto in the neighbourhood. In the little village of Motiers, situated in its bosom, and partly built from the ruins of an old Gothic castle, the inhabitants are very ingenious, and are continually occupied in several curious manufactures, particularly that of clock-making. At the beginning of the present century, a mine of asphaltum was discovered here, but it has been long neglected.

At a little distance from this place, strangers are generally led by their curiosity, to examine a cavern called, *the grotto of the Fairies*. It is very extensive in its dimensions, and beautiful in its construction ; for being hung with a tapestry of stalactites, incrustations, shells, fossils, &c. it has a very fine effect on the eye, more especially when these objects are reflected by the light of a torch.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Locle—its subterraneous Mills.

THE effects of human industry are prodigious. A stream buries itself in the bowels of the earth near Locle, and the inhabitants have actually, by means of an adjoining cavern, erected subterraneous mills, several hundred feet under ground, which are turned by means of this waterfall.

The people of this town, who are at least 3000 in number, being for the most part artists, they live at their ease, and have erected houses for themselves, which unite a certain degree of elegance and simplicity in their construction. Many of them have made considerable discove-

ries and improvements in mechanics, and more especially in the construction of clocks:—The automaton of *M. James Drotz*, are well known in all the cities of Europe.

No less than 40,000 watches are exported annually from this and the other vallies scattered among the neighbouring mountains; cutlery, lace, steel, enamel, and other curious arts, also occupy the ingenuity of the inhabitants; and the shops are generally kept by pretty little *brunettes*, who are very happy to shew their various commodities to a traveller.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

*Schaffhousen and its wonderful Bridge—
Newbausen and the Fall of the Rhine.*

SCHAFFHOUSEN, the capital of a canton of the same name, is irregular and ill built ; most of the houses are old, and covered on the outside with execrable daubings, which they call pictures, and horrible scrawls, which they dignify with the name of inscriptions !

THE churches are destitute of taste and elegance ; the citadel is an ancient
ruined

ruined castle ; and the arsenal contains a few stands of arms, broad fwords, pistols and cutlasses ;—yet, such is the prevalence of human vanity, that the people are extremely anxious to shew and enumerate all these to the curious !

THE only thing that can really excite the attention of the judicious stranger, is totally disregarded by the inhabitants : I mean the wooden bridge thrown across the Rhine. This bridge, which is 342 feet long, is entirely covered with a roof from one extremity to the other, and is so contrived, that there is no necessity for any arches to support it. Every time that a carriage travels along, it yields to the pressure, swings from one side to the other, and seems ready to give way ; it is, however, remarkably safe, and has remained in the same situation for many years.

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THIS singular erection is the work of a simple carpenter, of the canton of Appenzel, called, *Grubbenmann*. It is asserted, that the whole bridge consists entirely of one arch, and that the pier, which is placed in the middle of the river, was added at the particular desire of the Magistrates of Schaffhausen, who were at once astonished and affrighted at the boldness of the undertaking.

It is really surprising, that a peasant should have achieved a work, which seems to indicate such a superior knowledge in the principles of mechanics.

ABOUT two miles from this singular bridge is Newhausen, a little hamlet, situated on the borders of the Rhine, at that very place where it begins to precipitate itself over these rocks, called,
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the falls of Schaffhousen. From the castle of Lauffen, on the other side of the river, this scene presents the most picturesque and beautiful view that the human fancy ever formed, or the human eye ever dwelled upon.

AFTER the melting of the snow, when the river has attained its proper majesty and grandeur, the falls seems to be about eighty feet perpendicular.

It is remarkable, that the Rhine, formerly fell from a much greater height than at present, and that the river, which is daily wearing away the surface of the rocks, will some time or other present a plain, level, glassy superficies to the view of the astonished stranger, who will scarce credit those tales of his ancestors,

cestors, by which he was taught to believe, that this was once a cata-ract!

CHAPTER XL.

The Lake of Constance.

THE lake of Constance is the largest of all the lakes in Switzerland. It is formed by the Rhine, which enters it at Rheineck, and leaves it at Stein, and is about fifteen or sixteen leagues in length, and six in breadth. It is surrounded by little hills and rising grounds, entirely covered with vine-yards, and the verdure of the vines, and the purple colour of the grapes towards autumn, form a lively and an enchanting contrast.

I must observe, however, (for I would be scrupulous in my decisions, in regard even to inanimate nature) that the variegated views with which the Constance abounds,

abounds, are less luxuriant, less rich, less beautiful, and less romantic, than those in the neighbourhood of the Lemman.

The lake of Constance swells and overflows its banks in the summer, like all the other lakes in Switzerland.

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CHAPTER XLI.

*The Lake of Wallestadt—a singular custom
which prevails at Næfels.*

THIS charming little lake, formed by the river Linth, is about five leagues in length and one in breadth, and being pent up and surrounded by mountains, is only accessible at its two extremities. It is inconceivable to what danger all the boats that navigate it are exposed; however, as it facilitates the transport of merchandise into Italy, it is always covered with vessels: this makes it appear a busy and a lively scene, and takes away from that sameness and *still life*, which would otherwise appertain to it. It is pretended that the East and
West

West are the only winds which blow here ; and as the South and North are intercepted by the mountains, this is not at all unlikely.

THERE are many water-falls which adorn the prospects on the banks of this lake ; the principal of these is called Mullen, the waters of which precipitate themselves from the mountain called *Auf Anmon*.

WESSEN is a pretty little town ; it is placed at the head of the great morrass, which extends to the lake of Zurich ; and it appears probable that that lake, and the lake of Wallestadt formerly joined together.

NÆFELS, a considerable town in the canton of Glaris, is not far distant from Wessen ; there is a chapel near it, which this canton caused to be erected on the

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field

field of battle, where 350 of its inhabitants gained a memorable victory over the Austrians in 1388.

THIS same date is engraved on several rocks in the neighbourhood ; and these simple monuments of a wild and uncultivated nation, are far more expressive than the pompous inscriptions of civilized states.

THEY still celebrate this victory every year, on the first Thursday in April ; and it is not a little singular, that the town of Wessen, which succoured the Austrians, is obliged, on this very day, to send Deputies to hear the reproaches of their fellow-citizens, on account of the treason of their ancestors !

NÆFELS is the only place, by which a communication with this canton is kept
up

up, as it is environed on all the other sides by mountains cut into irregular paths, which are impracticable for a great part of the year.

CHAPTER XLII.

Glaris—the Election of its Magistrates, &c.

GLARIS, the principal town in the canton of the same name, is the seat of that government, which regulates all the important concerns of the district.

THE inhabitants assemble every year in the month of May, when each male above sixteen years of age has a right to vote in the grand council, in which they establish new laws, impose contributions, form alliances, and treat of war and peace!

The

THE Catholic and Protestant religions, are equally tolerated and professed in this canton ; and besides the General Assembly, each of these sects has a particular meeting ; the Protestants at Schwanden, and the Catholics at Erlen ; it is at these times that the members elect their own Magistrates, the number of which is fixed for every religion. It is always customary before the election, to determine the sum which each of the candidates is to pay for his office ; and actually to divide it among the voters who are present !

THIS usage, which also prevails among many neighbouring cantons, is frequently productive of great inconveniences, and often of the most glaring injustice. Those who are thus invested with public employments, seek every opportunity of indemnifying themselves ; and more especially

pecially those who are nominated to the Baillages, as they frequently exact heavy fines from such culprits as are able to pay them.

THERE is a grotto near to the town of Glaris, which is said to have served as a retreat for many holy Hermits, who have retired from the afflictions of a persecuting world: the good people in the neighbourhood not only believe this, but they even go so far as to shew the marks of their fingers in the rocks!

THE Naturalist, however, is not to be imposed upon by this *pious fraud*, for it is easy to perceive, that these memorials of pretended mortification, are no other than *stalactites*, produced by water of a petrifying quality!

The inhabitants of this canton, have become, in some respects, a commercial

cial people ; and, therefore, are not so much attached to a pastoral life as formerly :—they export cheese, skins, nitre and men !

CHAPTER XLIII.

Rapperschwyl and its Bridge.

A LARGE straggling town, abounding with old houses, despicable churches, and but badly peopled:—such is Rapperschwyl. It is dependant on the cantons of Zurich, Berne, and Glaris, to whom it pays homage once in six years; it is, however, governed by its own proper Magistrates.

THERE are a great many antiquities in this neighbourhood said to be the remains of Roman architecture; these, however, I pass over in silence, but I cannot omit an instance of Swiss architecture;—I mean the bridge across the lake of Zurich.

This

THIS bridge is one thousand, eight hundred and fifty feet long, and twelve broad ; it is built entirely of wood, and is so constructed, that the boards, which are placed on stakes driven into the mud at bottom, are neither nailed nor fastened to each other by any contrivance whatever ! It is pretended, that if this precaution were taken, the wind would carry the bridge away : this sage expedient, therefore is used, to avoid such an inconvenience, and every other day a plank, or a passenger disappears !

THIS ingenious piece of mechanism owes its origin to the Count of *Habotzbourg*, by whose orders it was constructed in 1358 ; and shall I be believed, when I add, that there is actually a toll-gate affixed to it ?

CHAPTER XLIV.

Murten—its Siege and Chapel.

MURTEN or Murat, is built on the borders of the lake of the same name, and is the chief town in the surrounding bailliage, which the cantons of Berne and Fribourg possess in common between them. Murat is celebrated for the death and defeat of *Charles Duke of Burgundy*, surnamed the *Hardy*, who, being obliged to raise the siege, was defeated by the Swiss with great slaughter, in the year 1476.

THERE is a chapel on the field of battle, full of the bones of such of the Burgundian army as were slain on the spot. Besides the ancient inscriptions which are very verbose, a modern one has been added within these few years, which, by
its

its conciseness and simplicity, does honor to the celebrated *Haller* :

DEO. OPT. MAX.
CAROLI INCLITI ET FORTISSIMI,
BURGUNDIÆ DUCIS EXERCITUS,
MURATUM OBSIDIENS AB HEL-
VETIIS,
CÆSUS HOC MONUMENTUM SUI
RELIQUIT,
ANN. 1476.

I am much pleased with this inscription, which I have translated thus :

THE ARMY
OF
CHARLES THE HARDY,
DUKE OF BURGUNDY,
AFTER HAVING BESIEGED
MURAT,
LEFT THIS
AS A MONUMENT OF THEIR
EXPLOITS!

CHAPTER XLV.

Geneva.

THIS city, placed on the confines of France, of Savoy, and of Switzerland, and properly appertaining to none of these, ought not to be omitted. Its territory is inconsiderable, for the space within its walls, forms the most considerable part of the Republic, as it contains about 60,000 souls, and there are not above 16,000 in the country under its jurisdiction.

The situation of this little capital, on the borders of the lake Lemman, is delightful; the prospects around it are rich and variegated; the country is admirably

rably cultivated, and the horizon is bounded by the majestic scenery of the Alps, Mount Blanc, and the chain of Jura.

The houses are in general well built, and agreeable to the eye, except in that quarter called, the *lower town*, where the piazzas, supported on wooden pillars, give them a dull and gloomy appearance.

The public edifices have nothing remarkable about them.

The Town-house is a large, ancient building, abounding with Gothic apartments ; you ascend to the portico by a paved slope instead of a staircase.

The Arsenal abounds with many memorials of the ancient inroads and invasions of the Savoyards, and besides these
warlike

warlike trophies, contains modern arms for 12,000 men.

The Academy is an institution that does honor to Geneva; more than 600 young men are usually taught in it, and their abilities and industry are judiciously excited by prizes, for which they are all, in their turn, competitors.

The Public Library is attached to the Academy; it abounds with a number of excellent and valuable works, and is open for the amusement and inspection of citizens, and even of strangers:*—the former may carry home a certain

* This is also the case in Paris, and in almost every capital in Europe; but to the disgrace of this country, the British Musæum, containing a valuable collection of books, principally purchased with the public money, cannot be entered, without the ceremony of a tedious, and sometimes, a disgusting application. *Trans.*

number

number of books, and peruse them at their leisure. There are also some curious manuscripts here, a votive buckler found in the Arve, and a few pictures.

The Society of Arts, which is a recent institution, does great honor to this capital; and I would advise all such as are fond of Natural History, to visit the cabinets of *M. M. Saussure, de Luc, Tollot, Rillet* and *Tengry*.

The government is of a mixed kind; the legislative power resides in the general assembly of the citizens; the executive, in the magistrates, who consist of a council of twenty-four, which nominates the moiety of the grand council, out of which four Syndies are annually chosen by the general assembly. There is also a council of 200.

Before the Revolution of 1782, all plays, shews, &c. were prohibited —

The

The men were then used to assemble in clubs, like the people of England; and the women met at each others houses to drink tea, in the same manner as the ladies of that nation. Since 1782, they have erected a theatre, and forbidden popular assemblies.*

* Since the publication of the Marquis de *Langle's* work, another Revolution has taken place at Geneva.

The reigning aristocracy of that capital, having refused the rights of citizenship to certain of the inhabitants both of the city and the country, who thought themselves entitled to those franchises as their birth-right, these petty tyrants found their capital besieged without by an armed peasantry, while they themselves were threatened within by the exasperated townsmen, and were thus reduced to the humiliating necessity of granting the privileges which they had hitherto withheld.

This trifling commotion, which occurred in the beginning of the present year, has been but little attended to amidst the more splendid Revolutions of France and Poland! *Transf.*

Except

Except Berne, Geneva, and some handsome little villages in the *Pays de Vaud*, the towns of Switzerland offer nothing curious to the eye of the traveller. The streets are narrow and dirty, dark and gloomy in the day time, and very badly lighted at night. It may be said of the few lanthorns hung up in them during a winter's evening, what *Virgil* observed of the vessels of *Æneas*:

“ APPARENT RARI NANTES IN GURGITE VASTO ! ”

FINIS.

...some hand-
some little villas in the Park de la
the towers of Switzerland offer nothing
...to the eye of the traveller. The
...the morning and day, dark and
gloomy in the evening, and very badly
lighted at night. It may be said of the
few lanterns hung up in them during
night's darkness, what Weyl observed



"...EASTERN RAIL IN THE NORTH YARD!"

PLATE

